

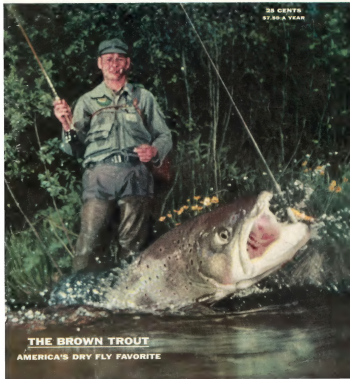
APRIL 30, 1956

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

35 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR



THE BROWN TROUT

AMERICA'S DRY FLY FAVORITE



Coopers is wheeling out the sports shirts!

And what a handsome cycle it promises to be! Wherever—and however—the well-dressed American male decides to roam, he's fashionably attired in Coopers sports shirts. You'll find a wide variety of fabrics, colors and patterns to choose from (if you hurry) at your Coopers dealer's. And they're all designed to make you feel at ease in the most distinguished of company. You'll take a back seat to nobody, for example, with the three-shirt tandem above. All cotton, all washable, all modestly priced—\$3.95 to \$5.95. Good steer, eh?

Look for this name

Coopers®

on the label

Cooper's, Incorporated, Kenosha, Wisconsin. Makers of famous **Jockey**® brand underwear.



Memo to advertisers

"The high velocity dollar".

I'd be the first to admit that the above phrase does not sum up the findings of Alfred Falitz' new national study of the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscriber. In fact, I'd insist that it doesn't come anywhere near doing full justice to the kind of people who read this magazine.

But the "high velocity dollar" is certainly one of the characteristics of SI as a marketplace.

Here's what I mean:

SI subscribers have quite a few dollars. (Their median income is \$9,660 and they include one fifth of all U.S. families with incomes of \$15,000 or more.) And they are ready to spend those dollars on any new product or service that catches their imagination.

For example:

96% of them are car-owners, and they're the kind of people who tend to buy a new car every couple of years. They've gone for the hard-top and the station wagon, and many of them have two or even three cars.

They love sports -- of course. And they're well supplied with the new kinds of sportswear and sports equipment that help them get the maximum enjoyment from their leisure hours.

They travel -- and when they travel they go first class.

They live in fine homes (median value \$19,800). And they equip those homes with all the newest appliances, plus extra telephones, extra bathrooms, etc., etc.

7/8 of the SI families are charge account customers and almost half the employed subscribers have expense accounts.

The study provides many more examples of the high velocity dollar in action. You'll find some of the details on the other flaps of this memo.

Add this to the well-known fact that these people love SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and you have the best group of consumer families ever assembled.

Bill Holman

William W. Holman
Advertising Director

96% of subscriber families own cars.

And they not only own a lot of cars, but they buy them with high frequency. i.e., 44% of them include a '66 and '68 model in their multiple car ownership.

And.....they buy the new styles, the premium products.

21.5% own hard tops

14.8% own station wagons

8.3% have convertibles

These are, in fact, the very people who buy the new models, drive them to their clubs, their friends' homes -- and in their enthusiasms, become salesmen for that car manufacturer.

[For more details of the high velocity dollar in motion, please see back flap.]

B.F. Goodrich Tubeless

- because you're only as safe as your tires



What causes highway accidents?

"Bad tires", say newspaper authorities, "and bad driving". So, in this age of more powerful cars and ramped speeds, B. F. Goodrich takes the lead to make you safe.

All the safety features of today's cars are small help if your tires aren't safe. Because your tires are your link with the road. If they fail, anything can happen. *You're only as safe as your tires.*

That's why you need B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tires. They are specifically engineered for modern cars, to transmit their power and safety to the road. They give extra safety to any car.

LIFE-SAVERS give patented protection against bruise-

blowouts, skids and punctures. They're backed by all the know-how of B. F. Goodrich, the inventor of Tubeless.

Don't take a chance on bad tires; it pays to switch to the extra safety of LIFE-SAVER Tubeless, regardless of the condition of your present tires. *Because you're only as safe as your tires.*

And don't take a chance on bad driving. Join the Safe Driver League sponsored by B. F. Goodrich. Display the Safety Emblem—explained below.

Find your B. F. Goodrich retailer in the Yellow Pages under "Tires". Terms as low as \$1.00 DOWN at most retailers. B. F. Goodrich Company Tire and Equipment Division, Akron, Ohio.

LIFE-SAVER TUBELESS PROTECTS YOU AGAINST BRUISE-BLOWOUTS, SKIDS, PUNCTURES



LIFE-SAVER helps blowouts less—a blow-out. It has no tube to blow out. Instead, a patented inner liner, part of the tire, shows air loss. Instead of a blow-out, you get only a safe *air-downout*.



LIFE-SAVER dilly skids. Thousands of grip-blocks flex, grip away water, hold on the dried path where other tires slide. LIFE-SAVERS stop you quicker on wet, slippery roads.



LIFE-SAVER seals puncture, seal in or out. LIFE-SAVER'S patented puncture sealant gets an airtight grip on puncturing nails. Plug hole permanently when a nail is pulled.

FREE SAFETY REFLECTOR



when you join the
SAFE DRIVER LEAGUE
at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's.
Help the President's Committee for
Traffic Safety cut our accident toll.

*The dash...
The agility...
The glamour... of D'Artagnan*



THE NEW SUNBEAM RAPIER coupe de sport

The flash of a gleaming rapier in the sleek line of its body, the agility of a master swordsman in its swift and graceful maneuverability, the glamour of heroic tradition in its readiness to meet any and all requirements . . . the brilliant new Sunbeam RAPIER Coupe de Sport is your car of the future, today. One demonstration and the RAPIER will show you its mettle. One demonstration and at once you will feel its power and urge to go. One demonstration and you will surely own a new Sunbeam RAPIER yourself. Telephone your nearest Hillman/Sunbeam dealer today and arrange for that demonstration. Call him now.

90 M.P.H. . . . 30 M.P.G. . . . COMPLETE WITH OVERDRIVE AND HEATER . . . \$2499 F.O.B.

ROOTES MOTORS INC. • 303 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. • 1830 W. Pine Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

SPORTS



COVER: THE BROWN TROUT

Photograph by Wallace Kirkland

"Finned dynamite" is how Cecil Hennes describes this dry fly favorite on page 42, and, judging by the dramatic photograph of Fisherman Lavant Egan, of Maple, Wis., shown here hooking a five-pounder, the brownie lives up to that description. To get the cover picture, Photographer Wallace Kirkland followed Egan as he fished his favorite holes in the Bruhl River in Wisconsin.

Acknowledgments on page 44

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● AN SI SPECIAL: GAME CLEANUP IN TEXAS	46
<i>The biggest raid in history against market hunters highlights the Outdoor Week</i>	
● SPECTACLE: ITALY'S DASHING MILLE MIGLIA	17
<i>Ferraris and Maseratis are the cars to watch in this week's classic</i>	
● NOT RAIN, NOR SNOW NOR SLEET . . .	22
<i>How baseball got under way—despite weather and ceremonial—by ROBERT CREAMER</i>	
● GOLF IN THE DESERT	32
<i>Las Vegas' Tournament of Champions is played on a course that used to blow away. By ROBERT WEINER</i>	
● QUITE A WEEK IN PRO BOXING	36
<i>The belt slings for action from New York to California. Blow-by-blow by MARTIN KANE</i>	
● QUITE A BOX IN MADISON	37
<i>During Prodigy Winnie Ferguson takes a giant step toward Melbourne. By ROBERT BOYLE</i>	
● THE BROWN TROUT: A SUCCESS STORY	42
<i>A foreign fish becomes an American favorite. By CECIL HENNES, with a painting by RUDOLF FREUND</i>	
● IKE RETURNS TO THE FAIRWAYS	50
<i>When the President resumed his favorite sport, HANK WALKER was on hand to take pictures IN COLOR</i>	
● INTRODUCING CAPTAIN HUMPHREY BOGART	59
<i>He's a tough guy in the movies, but at sea he's a sailor, as JAMES MURRAY shows</i>	

THE DEPARTMENTS

4	SCOREBOARD	1	Hathas: JIMMY DONALD asks: If the winners of the last 10 Kentucky Derbies were matched, which horse would you bet on?
12	EVENTS & DISCOVERIES	41	Tip from the Top: AL ESPRITO, with some sage advice on that pesky shot, a bankside lie
28	THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT	43	Motor Sports: New York's International Auto Show opens this week and proves that, between them, the U.S. and Europe can produce a car for every taste
44	COMING EVENTS	55	Horses: WHITNEY TOWER reports on more Derby bets, including one that resulted in a tough-luck disqualification
65	THE 15th HOLE	62	Yesterday: The underdog Adonis of Brooklyn defeated Chisnati's vaunted Red Stockings 54 years ago in one of the finest ball games ever played
72	PAT ON THE BACK		

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

WHICH HORSE WILL WIN THE KENTUCKY DERBY?

Whitney Tower's analysis of the probabilities and Robert Nizer's drawings of the candidates will help every fan make up his own mind

ARE SHORTS TOO SHORT AT HAPPY KNOLL?

There may be a difference of opinion here, but J. P. Marquand proves that the subject—at least—is popular with everybody



SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Art Ditmars, Kansas City right-hander, was handed 10-run cushion by Athletics in second inning, showed his appreciation by setting Chicago down with one hit as he led to easy 10-1 victory in best-pitched game of week.



Barbara Remack (SI cover, April 16), pretty lady golfer, continued to play like "little tiger," overwhelming Mrs. George Downing 11 and 9 to capture California Women's Amateur title for second time at South San Francisco.

RECORD BREAKERS

University of Texas lawson of George Schneider, Jerry Prewitt, Bobby Whilden and Frank Daugherty found track in their liking at Kansas Relays in Lawrence, sprinted 440-yard relay in hasty 8:59.1 to better world record set by another Texas quartet (which included Prewitt and Whilden) last May (April 21).

Allen C. Sherman Jr., 26-year-old Brooklyn executive, took dead aim at Japanese star Jiro Nagatsuma's world butterfly marks, swished 200 meters in 2:16.7 and 220 yards in 2:18.7 for new world standards at Wincendon, Mass. (April 14).

Bill York, fast-moving Springfield premed student, took dead aim at Japanese star Jiro Nagatsuma's world butterfly marks, swished 200 meters in 2:16.7 and 220 yards in 2:18.7 for new world standards at Wincendon, Mass. (April 14).

Thane Baker, former Kansas State star now stationed at Lockbourne AFB, later aloft from wind in 9:09.3 hundred, later broke into same game to tear off world-record 6:29.4 clocking for 300-yard dash at Ohio Relays in Columbus, Ohio (April 21).

Back Baker, during 36-year-old racing driver from Charlotte, N.C., gained his Chrysler around dirt track at Langhorne, Pa. for 150 miles in 1:58.32, set new NASCAR Grand National record (April 22).

BASEBALL

New York Yankees, with aid of long-distance hitting by Mickey Martini and Yogi

Berra, were off and running in American League pennant race, taking two out of three from Washington before sweeping series with Boston 7-1, 14-10, 13-6. Chicago got good pitching from Billy Pierce and Jack Harshman, kept pace with Yankees by beating Cleveland 2-1, 1-0 and winning twice in Kansas City.

Milwaukee opened with two in a row over Chicago, split four games with St. Louis to hold slight edge over second-place Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Cubs. Cincinnati's Ray Jablonski hit four homers, one a grand slam, but Reds were able to manage only one victory while Phillies' Robin Roberts became first National League pitcher to win two games.

TRACK AND FIELD

Patty O'Brien, in face-to-face meeting with latest challenger, Kansas' Bill Nieder, resided steel ball 66 feet 2 1/2 inches, held on to ranking as world's No. 1 shot putter at Kansas Relays in Lawrence. With O'Brien ineligible for medal, Nieder's toss of 59 feet 7 1/2 inches won event and set meet record.

Asni Viskari, solemn-faced Finnish Army sergeant, moved out in front of Hearstbank Hill, held off Boston University's challenging Johnny Kelley to capture 25-mile 100-yard Boston A.A. Marathon in 2:14.54, fastest time ever for distance.

BOXING

Bobby Boyd, lanky second-ranked middleweight, muddled through dull 10-rounder with stubby Holly Mike at Chicago, was handed decision that drew boos from sparse

(2,486) but vocal crowd.

Gene (Cyclone) Fullmer, back at same old free-swinging stand after being sidelined by illness, banged away lustily with both hands, outgassed plodding mid-heavyweight Ralph (Tiger) Jones in action-packed bout at Cleveland.

Eddie Maheen, sharp-knitting young Californian with only dozen pro fights, was cautiously moved into the big time by Manager Sid Flaherty, responded by taking Nina Valdes with slashing left to take 10-round decision at San Francisco.

Willie Pegg, 34-year-old wily ex-featherweight champion, reached into well-stocked bag of tricks, deftly outboxed Jackie Blair for 10 rounds at Hartford, Conn. for his 200th victory of 16-year career.

HORSE RACING

Head Man trailed Winding Way Farm's Golf Ace across finish line by two and a half lengths but Jercey Eddie Arano claimed foul, charged Golf Ace with carrying Head Man wide through early stretch, was upheld by stewards who placed C. V. Whitney's 3-year-old filly in \$62,000 Wood Memorial at Jamaica, N.Y. (see page 55).

No Regrets gave Jercey Johnny Longdon hard time in early going, pulled himself together in time to outlast Lucky G. L. in thrilling finish, won by nose in \$38,500 California Derby at Tanforan.

Frosty Mr., 3-year-old gray colt beaten in eight previous starts this year, went off at July 29-1, surprised field with sturdy

continued on page 6

FOCUS ON THE DEED



FRISKY Kentucky Derby favorite Needles kicks up his heels while Jercey Erb holds a tight rein and Trainer Fontaine looks on at Churchill Downs.



RESPLENDENT in plaid cap, Kansas Basketball Star Wilt Chamberlain smokes hop-step-jump.

You get
a lot
to like

-filter
-flavor
-flip-top box



NEW
FLIP-TOp BOX.
Flaps to keep
cigarettes from
crushing.
No tobacco in
your pocket.

POPULAR
FLIP-TOp BOX

Marlboro

THE FILTER CIGARETTE IN THE FLIP-TOp BOX

You get the man-size flavor of honest tobacco without
huffing and puffing. This filter works good and
draws easy. The Flip-Top Box keeps every cigarette
in good shape. You'd expect it to cost more, but it doesn't

MADE IN SPANISH VIRGINIA FROM A NEW MARLBORO RECIPE



Bill Pearson, pin-cold jockey who has ridden in 10 countries and has conquered Malibu, used his knowledge of art to win TV's \$64,000 *Question*, had less luck at Laurel, where he finished second aboard *Sticks*'s Sound.



Glenn Hall, quick-moving 24-year-old Detroit Red Wing goalie who scored 12 shutouts, was named winner of Calder Trophy and \$1,800 as National Hockey League's outstanding rookie. Runner-up: New York Ranger's Andy Hebenton.



Dr. Hannes Lindemann, adventurous German physician, arrived in Hamburg with his nose made even-then came to claim unusual feat of seamanship: crossing of Atlantic from Liberia to Haiti in his decked-over craft in space of 45 days.

ltd at head of stretch, came on to win by length and a half in \$24,150 Chesapeake Stakes at Laurel, Md.

ROWING

Princeton, fresh from conquest of Navy's 1932 Olympic champions, pulled second major surprise of eastern season. Picking up *Stoke* Albert Haydack's steady 51 beat, Tiger oarsmen knifed through choppy Harlem River waters to defeat favored Penn in Childs Cup regatta at New York.

GOLF

Billy Maxwell came through with needed birdsie on final hole for 272 total, barely beating runner-up Ernie Vossler and George Hayer by single stroke to take Hot Springs (Ark.) Open and \$2,400.

MILEPOSTS

KILMER—**Walt Fashner**, 37, veteran racing driver, fifth-place finisher at Indianapolis last year, three-time runner-up in Median road race; of injuries suffered when car flipped and rolled on him during stock car trials, at Vallejo, Calif.

KILMER—**Ernie McFadden**, 37, of Beverly Hills, Calif., also veteran of Mexican road race and many U.S. road races, when his Ferrari crashed into tree at 75 mph on turn in Pebble Beach sports car race.

DEED—**John A. Herder**, 56, longtime baseball official, president of National League from 1918 until retirement in 1934; after long illness, at San Diego, Calif.

BASEBALL

(Major League Results)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. N.Y.	10-4, 4-3
2. Chi.	9-5, 5-0
3. St. Louis	8-5, 4-4
4. Det.	7-5, 4-4
5. Phila.	6-5, 4-4
6. Bos.	5-5, 4-4
7. Cal.	4-5, 4-4
8. Ind.	3-5, 4-4
9. Wash.	2-5, 4-4
10. Atl.	1-5, 4-4

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. St. Louis	10-4, 4-3
2. Chi.	9-5, 5-0
3. Phila.	8-5, 4-4
4. Det.	7-5, 4-4
5. Cal.	6-5, 4-4
6. Bos.	5-5, 4-4
7. Ind.	4-5, 4-4
8. Atl.	3-5, 4-4
9. Wash.	2-5, 4-4
10. Br.	1-5, 4-4

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

CARROLL SHAM, 34, driver, 193.4 m. Del Monte Supply race, at elapsed time of 1:34.18, in Pensacola, Fla.

WALT KROGER, 34, driver, 193.4 m. Del Monte Supply race, at elapsed time of 1:34.18, in Pensacola, Fla.

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RELAXED Duffy Daugherty talks over spring training at Michigan State.



VICTORIOUS 5.5-meter East IV midget sailboat races in Prince of Wales Cup race.



VAIN leap by England's goalie fails to stop Scotland score in 1-1 soccer match tie.

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



IN ROME'S Foro Italico the white marble walls of the room which was once Mussolini's private gymnasium recently served as backdrop for the colorful photographic exhibition *Sports in the United States*, which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** prepared last year for the United States Information Agency.

Scheduled to appear in nearly 100 large cities around the world, the 23-panel show is part of USIA's program to explain to people in foreign countries the kind of people Americans are and, through that, to encourage the vital growth of international understanding.

At the exhibit, William Rosspigliosi of TIME Inc.'s Rome bureau struck up a conversation with Mario Severini, 24-year-old captain of the Italian National Baseball Team.

"I wish," Severini said, "we had magazines like **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** in Italy—I mean magazines that cover all sports, including the minor ones usually overlooked. Baseball is the youngest sport in Italy, only introduced in 1949. We're doing fine and have 7,000 spectators where we had 600 then. But where is an Italian magazine that tells about baseball the way **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** covers some sports that must be comparatively little known in America?"

I don't think I can promise Mr. Severini an Italian edition of **SI** in the immediate future. But it will be a pleasure to send him both this issue and the next with the hope that he'll enjoy the baseball and will find his point well proved by our spectacle on the Mille Miglia this week (see pages 17-21) and the report on the race next week by none other than Bill Rosspigliosi.

One of USIA's points, the international appeal of sports, is, of course, regularly reflected in **SI**'s pages. And during an especially international year in sports, an Olympic year, it is surely appropriate for USIA's exhibit to hang in the building now headquarters for the Italian Olympic Committee—and in just the room where its contributions to international understanding will be in such marked contrast to those of the man who once practiced fencing and setting-up exercises in it.

Harry Miller

NEW

**PFLUEGER
FREESPEED
#14'S**



*America's
Finest*

MODERATELY PRICED

*Spinning
Reel*



Greatest spinning value ever offered! Smooth, easy action...a firm "feel" like more expensive reels, plus the dependability that makes Pflueger reels treasured by owners everywhere.

Ask your dealer.

FEATURES

- ★ Extra smooth drag, with slow take-up
- ★ Six-leaf aluminum, punched by special ball-and-plate finish for highest sensitive resistance
- ★ Highest quality stainless steel ball and line roller
- ★ All metal gears with white bearings
- ★ Line capacity—175 yds. 6 lb. monofilament

NEW PFLUEGER MODELS

For all fishing. Quick lock, steel case. America's Best. \$24.95

EMPER SPINNER For spinning. Sturdy, built-in, 100% water proof. \$24.95

PFLUEGER MOUNT LONG Long mount. Excellent for spinning. Sturdy. \$24.95



Steel case. \$24.95

Steel case. \$24.95

Steel case. \$24.95

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Write for FREE 1956 Catalog.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO., DEPT. M, ARIZON 9, OHIO

PFLUEGER

America's finest fishermen have been using "Pflueger" for 52 years.

If unable to locate the Pflueger dealer nearest you, write to us today. We will recommend a dealer or supply dealer. Please give us dealer's name.

HOTBOX



The Question:

If the winners of the last 10 Kentucky Derbies were matched, which horse would you bet on?

A. S. CHAFFY CHANDLER

Governor of Kentucky



Why only the last 10 Derbies? The champion of champions is Citation, the last horse to acquire the triple crown. Not only was he the first horse to win over \$1 million, but Citation set a record for a mile which still stands. He also set at least three track records and equaled another.

JIMMY DOWD

President
Gulfstream Park

Swaps. He wasn't at all at his best when Nashua beat him in their famous match race. Swaps is a great horse and can run all day. Citation, despite his earnings, wasn't better than his stablemate, Countdown, who set a track record here and finished second to Citation in the Derby.

JIM FITZSIMMONS

Trainer of Nashua



I'll have to go along with Citation, but Assault and Swaps are close. You can never tell about horse racing. Any of these three might beat the others on a given day. Dark Star beat Native Dancer in the Derby, but the Dancer was a better horse. Count Turf was also a few Derby winners.

ROBERT J. AMES

Cortland, N.Y.
Automobile dealer

In my opinion, Ponder was the most sound and solid winner of the last 10 Derbies. His fee leg was an outstanding factor in the stalling so necessary for the mile and a quarter. To finish the racing season as spectacularly as Ponder did is a great tribute to any 3-year-old.

BENJAMIN F. LINDEMEIER

Chicago, Ill.
Dinner, Arlington,
Washington Parks

Those horses immediately come to mind, Swaps, Citation and Assault. I think Swaps is as great a horse as Citation and believe that in this dream race Swaps and Citation would finish in a dead heat. I place them in a class with Man o' War. Assault would be a neck behind.

WALTER JACOB

Trenton, N.J.
Owner, Lady Trenton Club

Count Turf. He won the Derby in a gallop. His grandson, father, Count Fleet, also won the Derby, as did his grandfather, Reigh Count, but Count Turf won it in faster time. He injured a leg in his last race, but won on three legs. Newspapers said they had never seen such a game horse.

BILL CORUM

Columbus and
President of
Churchill Downs

Citation. He was surely greater than Man o' War because he ran in a tougher era of racing and had tougher competition. I didn't see all of Citation's races, but he won easily in every one I saw. I saw Man o' War run against John P. Grier and he had a tough time winning.

FRANK G. CLEMENT

Governor of Tennessee



The Kentucky Derby is not always won by the best horse. A case in point is Dark Star's victory over Native Dancer. I wouldn't bet on any horse to win, but I'd choose Assault as the best of the last 10 winners. However, I think that Native Dancer would have beaten all of them.

JIMMY KILGORE

Official handicapper
Cavalier New York
Ann.

Citation is the best I've ever seen. Assault might have pushed him, but Citation had speed in every part of the race. That's important in a distance race like the Derby. Citation was still quite a horse when he came out of retirement to push his winners over a million.

DONALD C. LILLEN



*President, Davis-Knox
Track*

Amash. He was the Derby by eight lengths on a slow track and could have extended his margin. With early speed horses like Jet Pilot and Determiner setting the pace, a race against all the Derby winners would be made to order for Amash's powerful run in the stretch.

ROBINSON S. BRONN JR.



*Council
Vice-President, Shil-
lons*

Swaps, I saw that race and had the feeling that if Swaps had really been extended, he would have turned in the best time in Derby history, now held by Whirlaway, 2:01 2/5. Swaps, my choice in any case, recently broke the alltime record for the mile and 70 yards.

SALVATORE GIORGIO



Corporate executive

Any of these horses could win on a given day, depending on condition and desire. But horse racing is as much a business as any other enterprise. As a businessman, and a racing enthusiast as well, I'd consider averages and bet on Citation, the greatest money winner of all time.

NEXT WEEK:

What did you want to be when you were a boy? (Asked at Augusta, Ga. of golfers competing in the Masters tournament.)

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MARTIN'S SCOTCH...
that's the spirit !



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

DRIVING TIP FROM THE TOP • BIG DAY IN THE LOCKER ROOM •
SOUTHERN ATHLETES WIN REBELLION • HARVARD HAS FUN IN THE
SUN • ARMY SHRINKS COLA • RAINIER GETS A WEDDING PRESENT

CAUTION

POPE PIUS XII offered a counsel of caution to sports car drivers on the eve of the famed Italian road race, the Mille Miglia: "The Christian spirit may require you sometimes to curb your understandable natural impatience . . . should there happen to be other cars on the road."

To Romans who know the Pope's personal fondness for moving with dispatch, it was a revealing utterance. At the age of 83, His Holiness still takes a commanding interest in the manner in which he is driven between the Vatican and his summer home at Castel Gandolfo—a fairly sporty course of 17 miles or so, which the Pope likes to cover at no less than an average of 35 mph. On the way, the Pope has been known to cradle a stop watch in his hand, ticking off the landmarks and urging his chauffeur up to pace.

UP FROM OLANTA

THE RECORD BOOKS will show that the Boston Red Sox won their opener 8-1 and that in it a rookie shortstop named Buddin made two hits. After the game Donald Thomas Buddin, 18 days shy of 22, sat quietly in front of his locker.

He was sipping, with obvious unfamiliarity, on a bottle of beer and trying to appear casual. But like rookies immortal who have passed the first test, Buddin was not succeeding.

For one thing, a photographer circled him busily, clicking his shutter. Don tried not to notice. For another, reporters were gathering for their inevitable questions. For yet another, the narcotic of nervous tension was wearing off and he was slightly jittery.

Most of all, he was just too pleased with himself to be casual. And why not? He was a big league shortstop for

Boston, all the way from Olanta, S.C. to the big leagues. There never again would be a day quite like this for him, and he meant to enjoy it. He caught the cameramen out of the corner of his eye and peered, just a bit.

"Don," a man said, "it looks like you're getting the full treatment right from the start."

This broke the spell. Don laughed nervously, glad of the chance.

"I guess so," he said.

The inevitable came: "Were you nervous, Don?"

"Well, I suppose I was," he said in a small voice, and the reporters leaned in to hear. "I'm sure glad to get that first one out of my system," he added.

"How about your first time at bat?"

Don took a nervous sip of beer before he answered, then stated the rookie's classic thought:

"I did," he said proudly, "what I always dreamed I'd do—get a hit my first time up in the majors."

"I'll bet all Olanta was rooting for you today," a man ventured.

"Look," Don said, and he got up, reached into the top shelf of his locker and took down a handful of telegrams.

"All from people I know back home," he said. He opened one as a sample. It carried at the top a message of good luck, and then followed 60-odd names and nicknames. "Everybody I know back home."

"When you reported this spring," a reporter asked, "did you figure you could make this team?"

Again Don hesitated for a moment. He had his answer ready immediately, but he did not want it to sound too boastful. Finally, choosing his words carefully, he first repeated the question: "Did I think I could make it?" Donald Thomas Buddin nodded his crew-clipped head.

"Then," he said, "was what I came for."

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Monsieur Jean Dume, advance-guard of the French Olympic Committee, returned from an inspection tour of Melbourne with an intelligence report: Australian wine, he said, is too heavy for French stomachs. The French team will haul its own.

John Lacey, scheduled to arrive in Los Angeles May 1 to work out leg kicks before his two big U.S. mile races, already has some competition—and some pace-makers—lined up: Bill Dellinger and Jim Bailey, the 1954 and '55 national collegiate mile champions from Oregon; Lon Spurrier, the world half-mile record holder who beat Lacey at that distance in Australia last winter, remains a strong probability as well.

Meanwhile, Wes Santee, still under an AAU ban, kept right on training and rapping out a campaign of exhibitions and military meets. The Marine lieutenant recently ran a competitive mile in a slow 4:32.3, the Olympic 1,500-meter distance

in an equally slow 3:52.2, and then announced plans for an all-out smash on his own American record of 4:00.5 at the Norfolk-Virginia-Pilot Relays this weekend.

The Indianapolis "500" entry deadline passed with 39 cars signed up to go, but one big test remained before any of these could near past the starting flag on Memorial Day: qualifying trials the weekend of May 19-20 and 26-27, which will cut the list to 32, the number of entries allowed in the big race.

Head Man's victory in the Wood Memorial was good news for jockey Ted Atkinson, who wasn't even close at the finish. Without a mount for the Kentucky Derby, Atkinson will remain at Jarama to ride Nubian in the Grey Lag Handicap, May 5, while the big bay's regular jockey, Eddie Arcaro, sticks with Head Man in hopes of riding his sixth Derby winner down at Louisville that same day.

THE FOXLY THING TO DO

HERO WORSHIP of ballplayers is likely to get a bit out of hand after the long winter, but not if Miss Betty Van Housen of Chicago can help it.

Miss Van Housen is president of Fox's Mighty Mites, a Chicago fan club dedicated to the decorous adoration of White Sox Second Baseman Nellie Fox.

"Unfortunately," said Miss Van Housen in a statement prepared for the 1956 season, "many people feel that fan clubs are worthless and made



up of a group of scatterbrained, man-craving females, usually in the teen-age years. This is not true."

Pointing out that the age range of the Mighty Mites is from 7 to 35, Miss Van Housen (herself in her early 20s) submits that her club clearly "isn't a group of silly young ladies with only one object in mind." The Mites have faced up to the fact that there is a Mrs. Nellie Fox and have, in fact, elected her an honorary vice-president.

"We are very proud of our club," said Miss Van Housen. "Each Christmas we visit the Great Lakes Naval Hospital and distribute gifts and refreshments to the patients. During the season we try to attend games in a group. We take part in the annual autographing party held by the White Sox fan clubs, and each year we hold a farewell party for Nellie. Last season the Mites collected over 5,000 votes for Nellie in All-Star balloting.

"We're proud of Nellie's playing and his conduct both off the field and on, and Nellie is just as proud of his club. We have never cast a bad reflection on him, and anyone who does will be immediately removed from club rosters."

To keep members informed, the club publishes a mimeographed newspaper called *Fox's Findings* and an annual, *Keydsee Kapers*, which is almost as thick as the Duquesne, Iowa telephone directory. These journals are filled with information about the club and its hero. Where do Mr. and Mrs. Nellie Fox live during the season? In a South Chicago hotel. Who is Nellie's roommate on the road? Billy Pierce, the pitcher. Who is allowed to sign correspondence with the phrase, "Foxly yours"?

Any member of the Mighty Mites.

The same lofty attitude may be found in other fan clubs, according to Miss Van Housen. The Dodger Debs, say, or Minnie Minoso's Cuban Comets or the Chico Carrasquelles.

Miss Van Housen, alas, has no control over the activities of independent worshipers like Miss Elaine Brown, age 15, of Rye, N.Y. The other day Miss Brown announced to her classmates at the Milton School that she would pay \$2½ cash for a piece of paper reading, "I love you, Elaine," if it bore the authentic signature of Pitcher Robin Roberts of the Phillies. The commission was accepted by Miss Sally O'Neill, also 15, who planned to write through her father, who is acquainted with Billy Martin of the Yankees. The fact that Martin and Roberts do not play in the same league would, at first, appear to present a difficulty. Furthermore, the devious approach to Mr. Roberts might be expected to dilute his declaration of regard for Miss Brown.

Neither Miss Brown nor Miss O'Neill cares about that. All's fair, they feel, in love and the autograph game.

Fair it may be, but in Chicago it would not be considered very lady.

RUNNYMEDE AT TUSCALOOSA

NO MATTER HOW you slice it, the 1955-56 school year has hardly been a happy one for the University of Alabama. The football team lost all 19 of its games; the five first stringers on its high-ranking basketball squad were ineligible for the national championships; and there was Miss Autharine Lucy. As any owner of a rabbit's foot knows, bad luck comes in streaks, and Alabama is no exception. Last week,

as if to prove it, 12 of the 115 athletes who live for free in the dormitory provided for men on athletic scholarships packed their bags and walked out.

It all began with an auto accident at 3 a.m. on a Sunday morning—well past the 12:00 weekend curfew hour for athletes who live in Friedman Hall. Roy Vickery, a tackle, was driving five fellow athletes home from a fraternity party, and while they were still five miles from Tuscaloosa he overturned the car. All of the men were injured, two seriously. Later that day Vickery was turned out of the dormitory, and an assistant football coach marched into Friedman Hall hearing a new and stricter set of rules and regulations.

By Monday evening the athletes were seething to the point where they called an indignation meeting and wrote down a series of demands: no more 11 p.m. bed check for seniors, managers and those who have completed their eligibility; only two hours of compulsory study a night for deficient students; unlimited weekend privileges for off-season athletes. When the meeting broke up, one of the young men complained: "It's a bad situation and has been. It involves more than rules. At the university the athletes are more or less segregated, looked down on by a lot of students. Sorecity girls, for example, just don't generally date athletes here. You rarely hear of a university football player becoming a big man on the campus." Someone else pinned a sign over the entrance to Friedman Hall reading: DON'T TALK TO THE PRISONERS.

On Tuesday, the day after the meeting, a delegation of athletes appeared at the office of Athletic Director Hank Crisp to present their ultimatum. Coach Hank, as they call him, was away looking for a new basketball coach, but when he returned he took his time about meeting the insurgents. Toward evening the athletes sent him a message: "You'd better come over here right now or we're leaving." Crisp showed up a few minutes later, brusque and unsympathetic, so all the athletes (except two who had other ideas and the baseball team which was away for a game) went to their rooms, packed their bags and abandoned Friedman Hall. Most moved in with friends at nearby fraternity houses.

By Wednesday, Coach Hank had reconsidered. The way things were going the Crimson Tide would have trouble fielding a team of horses for spring playing, so Crisp sat down with the Friedman Hall spokesmen in what may well turn out to be a Runnymede



SHELL GAME

*The conman kills his boss
And pushes off from shore;
Too late to tell him now
The stroke furler his car.*

—IRVING L. STERN

of sorts. The Magna Carta emerging from this session awarded the athletes all their demands, and Coach Hank thereupon retired to his office fortress to brood over the growing power of the barons of college sports. When someone asked him how he felt about it, Crisp just sighed: "I am statemented out."

FUN AT BERKELEY

WHILE THE HEROES of the Alabama campus were battling for their rights, another set of athletes in far-away Berkeley, Calif. was behaving for all the world as if college sport is just fun. An invasion of 18 Harvard Rugby players burst on the University of California for a couple of matches over the weekend, and the way they enjoyed themselves was enough to make a high-salaried athletic director unrock himself in disgust.

The Harvards swooped down on the Golden Gate with no heavier burden than textbooks and the striped undersweat a Rugger player wears. It was the kind of day that brings coeds out in their sleeveless dresses, a sight that the men from Harvard noted with approval. Art Tichnor, president of the Harvard Rugby Club, spoke for his teammates. "I would not say," he said in an unmistakable Harvard accent, "that the California girls are prettier than the Radcliffe girls. But they are certainly a most healthy lot, and with their low-cut dresses, we all feel it has been an early spring for us."

The Harvards were soon distributed among the six fraternity houses where they were to live. Then, textbooks under their arms, they strolled up the hill to the 88,000-seat Memorial Stadium for a morning workout and a little relaxed study. Next there was a lunch sponsored by the Cal students' organization, followed by a sight-seeing tour with the women's rally committee—each road driving a Harvard or two in her own car past San Francisco's finest landmarks and retelling, as best she could remember, the story of the 1906 earthquake. Dinner that night was a pizza-and-beer shelling in San Francisco's Italian quarter.

Saturday morning was relatively quiet. Fullback James Davis had to take an exam, so

he was closeted in the office of the California dean. Jim Joslin, the center half (and tailback on the football team), went for a walk and was captured by Pi Beta Phi sorority girls for a coffee party as he wandered past their house.

After lunch there was, of course, the game, and something like 4,000 Cal students sprinkled themselves throughout the huge bowl. Cal scored first with a well-executed try on a short passing rush and converted from a difficult angle to make it 5-0. A few minutes later Harvard's Charles Levine, the scrum half, kicked a 28-yard penalty, and it was 5-3. Just before half time, Cal put together a beautiful 40-yard rush in which four forwards handled the ball before Bill Vailleton scored the try. Noel Bowden again converted and it was 13-3 at the mid-game break.

Harvard looked better in the second half, but was no match for a Cal fifteen which had lost only one of its last 12 matches. The final score was 18-6, but everyone agreed it had been a whale of a game. That night the Harvard players did pretty much as they pleased. Some went dancing with the Cal coeds, some took out young ladies from nearby Mills College. As this issue of SI went to press, no defections to the West had been reported, but there was an ever-present danger.

THE INFLATED TAPE MEASURE

THE KNOWING football fan avoids putting much faith in the weights of the players as printed in the program; too often they reflect a species

continued on next page



"Holy Smoke! It's Jersey City today!"

continued from page 15

of psychological warfare. Should the wise fox also learn to be a skeptic about the heights of basketball players? Well, here's the case of Tom Gola.

When Tom Gola was a mere schoolboy in Philadelphia, he towered over his classmates at 6 feet 6 inches and exhibited such grace and skill and classic proficiency upon a basketball court that he was offered scholarships to 62 institutions of higher learning.

He picked La Salle, right at home in Philadelphia, and sometime during the next four years shot up to 6 feet 7½ inches, kept on scoring points, became a three-time All-America and led the Explorers to the NIT and NCAA championships.

Tom Gola graduated from college but didn't even have to leave home to become one of the rookie stars of the National Basketball Association. The Philadelphia Warriors, not aware of the tremendous gate appeal of this local hero, were also missing no bats in an attempt to escape from the NBA cellar—and Tom Gola looked like a good bet. He was. Listed as only 6 feet 7 for simplicity's sake, the magnificent rookie scored 732 points, rebounded, defended and set up plays like an old pro, and the Warriors, attracting three times as many spectators as the year before, won both the league championship and the postseason playoffs. And then the best team in all basketball, fortified for the years ahead with a cast of able veterans and a 23-year-old white kid, sat back to gloat over prospects of a lengthy command of the professional game.

But last week the United States Army, which usually has only poor basketball teams because it has to fashion its athletic squads—as well as its combat divisions—from American males less than 6 feet 6 inches in height, made two important discoveries: 1) all the tape measures in Philadelphia had, for a period of at least six years, been badly out of adjustment, and 2) Tom Gola was only 6 feet 5½ inches tall—and 1A in the draft.

So, as Philadelphia groaned in dismay, Tom Gola went off to Fort Jackson, S.C. to shoot a basketball—or a rifle—for two years in the U.S. Army.

SPRINGTIME SOCCER

WHEN IT WAS suggested (53, Dec. 26) that schools and colleges consider playing their soccer schedules in the springtime instead of bucking the

competition of football and the World Series in the fall, opinion among the coaches and officials polled was about evenly divided. But now one coach, Jock Stewart of UCLA, who liked the idea from the start, has put it to the test and is enthusiastic about it.

Coach Stewart scheduled a home game with the University of Arizona. Against the competition of a track meet on the UCLA campus, the soccer game (Arizona won 5-3) drew 560 spectators, which is five times what a soccer game usually drew on the same field last fall.

Perhaps that's just the beginning.

New Coach Stewart has received permission from Athletic Director Wilbur Johns to hold full-scale soccer practice during the month of May. Said Stewart to an SI correspondent:

"You fellows gave me the idea and it's a good one."

FOR THE BIRDS

PIGEON SHOOTING has been a big thing in Monte Carlo since it was introduced, in 1872, by Prince Charles III of Monaco, who caringly noted that it was a "privileged pastime" and likely to attract the gentry. It has. Wealthy, titled and professional gunners throng into Monaco annually for the pigeon matches in February and March. Pigeon shooting, Monaco style, is, in effect, trap shooting with live

birds and is held on a walled, curving range between the Casino and the Mediterranean; the shooter pays 500 francs for a pigeon, which is released from a box set 20 or 30 yards away from him, and hangs away as the feathered target flies up.

Since the object is to kill as many birds, consecutively, as possible, the sport is rough on the pigeons. Twenty thousand of them (trapped nightly during the season in the mountains of Spain) are knocked off each season—although a few wise birds have sense enough to walk, not fly, when released and are thus able to bustle out of range unharmed. Although his own kinsman started it all, all this seems to have weighed heavily upon the mind of Prince Rainier III. "The best wedding gift you can give me," he wrote in response to a letter from Aristoteles Sorraon Orsani, the Greek financier who controls the gambling casino, "is to stop the sport of pigeon shooting in Monte Carlo."

Orsani has agreed—although he hedged a little in accepting full responsibility for the act last week after the Prince and Grace had sailed off on their honeymoon. "Rainier didn't ask me to stop pigeon shooting," Orsani said. "He asked the *Seigneur des Bains de Mer*. I'm only a stockholder. But he's our little sovereign and we'll please him. We'll lose money but we can afford it."

SPECTACLE

MILLE MIGLIA

The beautiful hills of Italy become a nightmare of turns for race drivers in this week's classic

The hills of Italy are now out from under the miserable winter that buried Europe. This week along the winding Italian roads from Brescia to Pescara, through the Apennines to Rome and north again to Brescia, varicolored sports cars thunder through a blur of spring-green country, in and out of the slower, everyday traffic. The championship cars, some slower and some this year even faster than the tomato-red Ferrari driven by Umberto Maglioli on the opposite page, are being readied for the race of the year, the Mille Miglia. On this 160-mile course over home ground, the Ferraris are favored this year and, as reported further on page 21, every rival driver will have a double job—trying to keep up with Juan Fangio and the Ferraris that have dominated competition this year and trying to hold onto the 2,987 tricky Mille Miglia turns.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO ORELLI (NO. 1471) 1226





SLINKING PAST SPECTATORS AND AN IMPOSING APENNINE BACKDROP, A TINY 750-CC



SIATA, FENDICCHIO AND PERRON ABOARD, CLIMBS THE SOUTHERN SLOPES OF RADICOFANI



FANGIO AND FERRARI

The champion driver and car are favored over the rough

by WILLIAM ROSPIGLIOSI

Mille Miglia course and over a tough rival, Stirling Moss

THIS SPRING, which all of Italy is enjoying after its hard winter, is becoming a particularly lovely season for the Ferrari car makers of Maranello. Over the flat, brake-testing 12-hour run at Sebring five weeks ago, the Ferraris took first and second in record time, and early this month in the Giro di Sicilia a Ferrari won again. Now, this Saturday, comes the big race of the sports car year, the Mille Miglia. As the cars from all Europe move toward the starting line of the Mille Miglia course that snakes through the coastlands and mountain spine of central Italy, almost everyone's eyes are again on Ferrari.

On the eve of the race, in his simple, workaday office at the Ferrari factory, Proprietor Enzo Ferrari, a man who flunked out of technical school and has come on to produce more championship cars than any other maker, observed, "Mille Miglia costs nothing to look at. It is the race of the people. One may say that the whole of Italy leans forward with her eyes on the tarred strip of road somewhere along the course on Mille Miglia day. It is the day when I feel that my life is useful, that I am accomplishing something. When I decide to take part in a race," Proprietor Ferrari elaborates, "I do not think of my competitors. I don't say to myself I must beat Maserati or I must beat Mercedes. The importance of any race and of Mille Miglia in particular is the technical result. The results of a race are only due 60% to the car. When you have created a car that can win, you have come only halfway. The moment has come to find a driver."

Proprietor Ferrari remains disenchanted about Ferrari's chances in the Mille Miglia, but in this good year an unusual look of satisfaction is shining through his spectacles. The 12-cylinder 3.5-liter Ferraris have proved they can endure and win. At Mille Miglia, as at Sebring, one of these front-running Ferraris will be driven by Juan Fangio, the very best driver of them all; the other by Gino Castelletti, who teamed with Fangio at Sebring. Two years ago the Lancia factory ended Ferrari's domination of the Mille Miglia and then retired from the sports car swirl. Mercedes, which outplanned and outran Ferrari last year, with both Fangio and Stirling Moss mounting 300 SLRs, is ostensibly out of competition this year.

But even though Ferrari's top drivers, Fangio and Castelletti, will be backed up by the Englishman Peter Collins and the cautious Luigi Musso, both mounting 4-cylinder 3.5-liter cars, the tortuous way of the Mille Miglia is not wide open to Ferrari. The neighboring factory, Maserati, is also going all out this year. One of Maserati's three-liter factory cars will be driven by last year's winner, Stirling Moss. "Moss has the eye and the courage," the Italian

experts remark, remembering Moss's mad front-running last year. "He hurls himself and last year, hurling himself, he won." On the winding Mille Miglia course a man who hurls himself may also end up in the bottom of a ravine. It is in the stretch between Rome and Bologna, as the cars rip through the last mountain passes around Radicefani, that the race is usually lost or won and, to support Moss, in its other two cars Maserati has good mountain men; Cesare Perdisa, who can read those games like the face of his watch, and Piero Taruffi, who is overdue for some good luck on the Mille Miglia course.

In any usual year the course would favor the light, 840-kilo, maneuverable Maseratis over the heavier Ferraris, but with Fangio in the Ferrari the odds tip back this year. The course has been torn up by the ragged winter. For weeks hundreds of extra workmen have been pouring tar into these surface wounds. This extra effort to repair the course has been delayed by pelting rains, and on race day stretches will still be pitted with holes, putting tires, wheels and transmissions—and the nerves of drivers—to a hard test. An impetuous man like Moss may well dash his chances in a pothole. Fangio, with his unerring feel, will have a silver-thin fraction-of-a-second advantage over any rival in coasting the rough troubles of the road.

As one of the bitter lessons learned at the Le Mans tragedy last year, Mille Miglia officials are limiting the field to 400 cars this year and to drivers of competence. No dreamer of glory will be allowed to swell the field to 721, as happened last year.

On the rough road, even with this limited entry list, it is possible that an amateur might slip through to win while the factory rivals fight each other out of the race. If this should happen, the winner might well be Mercedes, for privately owned Mercedes 300 SLs are entered and while the Germans have not officially entered a factory team, they are playing it easy. These amateur Mercedes owners at Mille Miglia will enjoy Mercedes service as if they were true kings of the road. Mercedes has rented its customary garage at the Brescia starting line, and in this garage and from two service lorries along the route the amateurs will enjoy the labors and loves of official Mercedes gresmen. Racing Team Manager Alfred Neubauer is on hand to command the effort, and Karl Kling, the masterful German driver with the slide-rule mind, is coaching these amateurs around the tricky curves which almost killed him last year.

The odds favor Fangio and Ferrari, but Enzo Ferrari only shrugs. "We are ready. In any case, one sometimes learns more from a lost race than a victory." (CNR)

BEHIND AN OLD BRIGAND'S CASTLE A MODERN FERRARI RIPS THROUGH THE BAD CURVES OF RADICEFANI



NATION'S NO. 1 RIGHT-HANDER, Dwight D. Eisenhower, uses a two-fingered delivery, watches the ball with eyes gleaming.

NOT RAIN,

Foul weather kept neither player nor

THE BUSINESS of having a public figure throw out the first ball at a baseball game really began in 1910 at Washington, D.C., and it is just barely possible that it scored its end at Washington, D.C. in 1966.

The President of the United States, a legitimate sportsman who golfs and fishes a good deal more than most men his age and who has honest memories of being a whale of a baseball and football player in his youth, is also a sound practicing politician who knows that a man in public office must defer to the public that bestows that office. Three years ago, in his first spring as President, Ike Eisenhower blandly announced that he intended to forgo chilly Washington's Opening Day and instead would fly down to sunny Georgia and play golf. A roar of indignant protest allegedly arose and the President, aided by a fortunate break in the weather that caused postponement of the opening game he could not attend, wasted no time in hurrying back North and into Griffith Stadium in time for the old first-ball routine.

The lesson was not wasted. This year Ike was there—on a cold, gray, rainy day—for the fourth straight time.

But if he wants to chance a break with tradition next year (assuming he is still in residence in the Executive Mansion), Ike will have a sound argument or two to support his own personal preferences for participant sports over spectator sports. For, from a coldly political point of view, things didn't go too well at Griffith Stadium last week.



OHIO GOVERNOR Frank Lausche, in new Cincinnati habitat, was mouth-grinny.



MASSACHUSETTS GOVERNOR Christian Herter holds the ball steadily.



CHICAGO MAYOR Richard Daley grins joyfully beside second Manager Al Lopez.

NOR SNOW NOR SLEET...

politics from his baseball duties on Opening Day

by ROBERT CREAMER

To begin with, when Ike threw out the First Ball for the first time (only the naive believe that a First Ball can be thrown out but once) and Gil McDougald of the New York Yankees recovered it and brought the treasured souvenir back to the presidential box for the presidential autograph (only the very naive believe that a First Ball is actually used in the game), the President addressed it to "Joe" McDougald, a widely publicized slip that brought nudges and winks from the baseball bloc.

Then, when he threw out a First Ball for the second time, to satisfy the frantic demands of what seemed to be several thousand photographers, all of whom had apparently taken precisely the same picture just five minutes before, and autographed the second First Ball for a second lucky baseballer, a booming voice from the grandstand seats behind him yelled down: "That's enough politics. Let's play baseball now."

It was an irreverent remark and not really fair. In such weather, a politician-not-a-sportsman would have stayed at the game for no more than four or five innings and then quietly departed. Ike stuck it out, rooting for the Washington Senators till the last man was out in the ninth and the Senators had lost 10-4. But nevertheless the voice from the crowd expressed a feeling, or a groundswell, if you will, that seems to be spreading through grandstands all over the country and which could prestage a change—baseball, that is, not political.

For instance, two days later when the Brooklyn Dodgers began their bizarre experiment in out-of-town home games in Jersey City, Mayor Bernard Berry (who threw out the First Ball five times, very likely a new modern major league record) was the target of similar impatience, much more pungently put.

Mayor Berry, after amiably throwing the ball this way and that for the photographers, was prevailed upon to pose just once more, this time with his arm cocked in the classic ready-to-throw position.

"Hold it!" the cameramen cried, resetting focus. "Hold it!"

Mayor Berry held it. Internationally, as flash bulbs popped and the crowd waited, he held it.

"For the love of Pete," a raucous Jersey voice finally complained. "Throw the ball and let's get the ball on with the game!"

It is not the man, you understand, nor his politics (Berry is a Democrat), but the hidebound tradition that is the target. After all these years this creature of publicity man and camera has become, for the chilled fan in the grandstand, at least, a crashing bore.

But bore or not, last week it went on once again all over the baseball map. Eventually, the last wobbling throw wavered onto the field, the last flash bulb popped, the last smiling face and upraised arm was captured on film for the

continued on next page



PHILADELPHIA MAYOR Richardson Dilworth sports a Phillie cap and jacket.



BALTIMORE MAYOR Thomas D'Alessandro is composed, serious and efficient.



MICHIGAN GOVERNOR G. Mennen Williams throws from the pitcher's mound.



OLD HAND Mort Finner, 71, landed \$42,000 baseball quot' smart, tossed out first ball for Atlanta, then won \$10,000 in another quot'.



COLD HANDS in Milwaukee were shook of 49° cold, intermittent snow squalls. Despite the miserable weather, empty

NOT RAIN NOR SNOW . . .

continued from page 22

edification of the reading (and voting) public. And the baseball season at long last was actually under way.

It started on a strangely familiar note. The manager of the New York Giants got into a furious, red-necked squabble with an umpire, just like last year, but instead of the New York Giant manager being the tough, brassy Leo Durocher, of whom such things were expected, it was the bespectacled, supposedly gentle Bill Rigney. The crowd, anticipating a sedate, rather quiet afternoon, watched the blazing argument in openmouthed surprise and wondered whether Leo would be missed much this year after all.

Bobby Bragan said he thought Leo would be missed. Some cynics thought the outspoken new manager of the lovely Pittsburgh Pirates was making noises for the sake of the box office (a lively feud is good business), but whatever the reason for his comments no one could deny that Bobby was interesting. Bragan said the Giants without Durocher were just another team, without Willie Mays were an eighth-place club, and that in any event his Pirates (who were eighth last year)

had a good chance this season to finish ahead of the Giants (who were third in 1955).

Bragan also said his team would be hot stuff defensively, that while they might not score many runs, neither would they give many away. The Pirates promptly lost two games to the despised Giants as a result of sloppy fielding, and Bragan just as promptly began to lay about him with heavy fines. A bright note in the murky Pittsburgh atmosphere was some remarkably fine pitching, notably by 25-year-old Bob Friend and 24-year-old Ronnie Kline.

There was some remarkably fine pitching in other quarters, too. On the third day of the season, Tom Brewer of the Boston Red Sox pitched a two-hitter against Baltimore as the Sox swept the three-game series. That same day in Chicago left-handed Herb Score of the Cleveland Indians and left-handed Jack Harshman of the Chicago White Sox also pitched two-hitters, and against each other. Score struck out 10 men and had a no-hitter through seven innings, but he was wild and in the seventh walked Minnie Minoso, threw a wild pitch that enabled Minoso to scamper to third, gave up a long fly by Larry Doby that

scored Minnie, and lost a heartbreaking game 1-0.

That same day in Detroit, little (5 feet 6½ inches) Bobby Shantz of the Kansas City Athletics made his 1956 debut and gave up just five hits as he beat the Tigers 4-1. The performance was immensely cheering to the wildly partisan citizens of Kansas City, who have been rooting for Bobby to shrug off a disabling sore arm and return to his Most Valuable Player form of 1952, when he won 24 games. Kansas Citians had even more to cheer about two days later when Shantz's teammate Art Ditmar gave up just one hit, a single, as the A's routed the Chicago White Sox 15-1. The victory was particularly sweet, since just a year earlier the White Sox had crushed the A's 29-4.

Good pitching crupped up all over the place, some of it, like Herb Score's, unrewarded. On Opening Day in Detroit, when charcoal fires burned under the dugout bench to fight off the chill, and batmen, waiting their turns at bat, held hot water bottles in their hands, young Frank Lary of the Tigers took the hill against Kansas City. Last year Lary, who won 14 games, lost 15, and seven of those defeats were by one run. On Opening Day this year he pitched a fine game. He gave up only



outs were few as 35,000 starved, blanketed fans watched the Braves—yet to lose an opener in Milwaukee—beat the Cubs.



HOT TOMATO. Hollywood style, natch, is Model Kathy Marlowe, who displayed high-heeled form throwing first pitch at Los Angeles.

six hits and two runs and personally contributed an inside-the-park home run, capped by a headlong slide over home plate. The result? It seemed like old times: Lacy lost by one run, 2-1.

It seemed like old times, too, for the Phillies and the White Sox, but more pleasantly so. Their aces, big Robin Roberts for the Phils and small Billy Pierce for the White Sox, each gained two victories the first week. Pierce won 2-1 and 3-0, a glittering start for this stylish left-hander.

Low Burdette, one of the pitchers the Milwaukee Braves are counting on to have a big year if the Braves are to vie for the pennant, started off the season with a shutout. And Sam (Toothpick) Jones of the Chicago Cubs, whose blazing curve and questionable control make him probably the most respected pitcher in the circuit as far as National League hitters are concerned, picked up a victory his first time out.

Fitching was the big story almost every place in baseball the opening week and when the season's first big series began—the three-game set in Yankee Stadium between the American League champions, the New York Yankees, and their most exciting challengers, the Boston Red Sox—it was felt that pitching would be the big story

there, too. After the first game, in which chunky, muscular Whitely Ford stopped the Sox cold, 7-1, it seemed certain to be. Bob Turley and Don Larsen were on deck for New York for the last two games, and Boston had brilliant young George Saxe and steady Frank Sullivan to throw back at them.

WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH

But Saxe and Sullivan had nothing, and the Yankees ran up huge leads in both games, 8-0 in the first and 5-1 in the second. Neither Turley nor Larsen, however, was able to conserve these extravagant advantages. In both games the Red Sox scrambled back, on Saturday actually taking the lead at 10-9 and on Sunday tying the score at 6-6. They had found and exploited the one Yankee weakness: pitching.

But they failed miserably to contain the Yankee strength: hitting, the kind of hitting that ignores batting percentages and concentrates on scoring runs. After the Sox had gone ahead 10-9 in the eighth inning of the Saturday game, a leather-lunged anti-Yankee New Yorker in the left-field stands yelled at the Bostons: "Don't stop now! One run isn't enough! Berra is first up next inning!"

But the Red Sox did stop and, sure

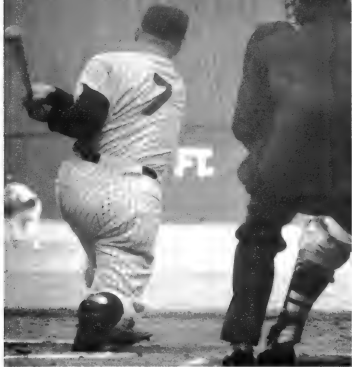
enough, they did need more runs. For almost inevitably Yogi Berra, whom Paul Richards calls the best late-inning hitter in baseball, led off the bottom of the eighth with a home run and tied the score. The pressure of Yankee power broke through after him, and New York turned what could have been a humiliating defeat into a telling, if disorderly 14-10 triumph.

Much the same thing happened the next day. The Red Sox fought back to tie the score in the top of the sixth, but in the seventh a Yankee single was followed by a jarring Red Sox error and suddenly there were two men on base with Mickey Mantle (see page 26) and Berra coming one after the other to the plate.

Once again, the Red Sox waited like condemned men for the executioners to throw the switch. It was thrown. Mantle doubled for two runs, Berra homered for two more. The game broke wide open and New York went on to win 13-6.

Boston's opening three-game winning streak had been neutralized. The Yankees had won the first battle of Bull Run. This weekend the two clubs meet again in Boston and this time the Red Sox have no choice. They have to win. Defeat is oblivion. (ENB)

CASEY'S TWO PLATOONS



AGAINST LEFTIES

Mickey Mantle leads Yankee attack. Swinging right-handed, he whacked out four singles, one double, two runs batted in during first six games



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK KAUTZMAN

AGAINST RIGHTIES

He collected one single, four home runs, 11 RBI's with this classic left-hand swing, was easily most exciting player in big leagues during opening week



MATCHING STRIDE FOR STRIDE OVER FIRST 13 MILES, LOCAL FAVORITE JOHN J. NESSEL (4), AND FINLAND'S ANTTI VIKARI (7) BATTLE FOR LEAD



CROSSING LINE IN RECORD 2:43.31, VISKARI RECEIVES VICTORY WREATH FROM MAYOR JOHN B. HYNES AND HELP FROM ANXIOUS COUNTRYMEN

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

MARATHON DAY IN BOSTON

A Finnish army sergeant traveled 5,000 miles in order to run 26 more and outduel a Boston University student—who didn't even have to leave home—in the fastest Boston Marathon in 60 years

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. SIMMONS

FAR BEHIND LEADER, TOM LEONARD OF WESTFIELD, MASS., ONE OF 34 STARTERS, DRIVES FORWARD FINISH DOWN CROWDED BOSTON STREET





WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

NEW POINTS OF VIEW

LOW CAMERA VIEW gives fans a chance to second-guess both the batter and the umpire in Brooklyn Dodgers' debut against the Phillies in Jersey City.

NECK-TWISTING VIEW of peeping horse animates an otherwise routine picture of Joan Harcourt offering a snack to Glory Wine at Tijuana, Mexico.



In Jersey City the TV camera gave fans a new, ground-level angle on baseball. In Mexico one horse got a bucketful while a stablemate got an eyeful. In Tacoma a yachtman tested a craft designed for small fry and in Illinois, as elsewhere, a family prepared for '56 horizons



SAILOR'S VIEW is close to water level as a Taurus-Agger. This is a plywood sailboat designed primarily for small boats.

FAMILY'S VIEW of water's bottom edge is up at Sagard St. Westport Harbor. Robert Kauri is at the helm in his boat, D.L.





GOLF IN THE DESERT

by ROBERT WERNICK

The Tournament of Champions will be held this week over a course that used to blow away whenever the wind came up

IN LAS VEGAS, NEV., this week, 24 professional golfers, every one of them the winner of at least one major tournament in the past year (see box), will tee off in the fourth annual Tournament of Champions. They will be playing for a lot of money—at least \$37,590 and possibly \$40,000—over the most improbable golf course in North America. Five years ago the Desert Inn course was a gritty-gray wasteland of sand and sagebrush, land-marked only by windswept boulders and rusty beer cans—the flattest, dingiest, most colorless corner of the great American desert.

The sporting men who run the Desert Inn, the most gorgeous of the overblown gambling palaces which line Highway 91 out of Vegas, studied their ferocious backyard and in 1951 decided it was just the place for a golf course. They took a little too much time figuring out the angles, and while they were figuring the news got around and the price of the wilderness went up to \$2,000 an acre. They peeled off a few days' receipts from the blackjack tables and bought \$220,000 worth. It was only the first of the outside statistics in what was to prove as complex an engineering job as had ever been undertaken for motives of pleasure since a Persian princess, nostalgic for her mountain home, persuaded King

Nebuchadnezzar to build the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

You may wonder why anyone in Las Vegas should feel nostalgia for the out of doors. People don't go there for golf or scenery—they are headed for the vast, low-domed, Aladdin-style caverns where to cries of "Yo-leven?" "Double-trey?" "Insurance?" they push \$5 and \$25 chips (stamped, at the Desert Inn,



with the face and signature of Impresario Wilbur Clark) back and forth across green baize tables till dawn or noon; and if they visit the Health Club later, it is to have the resident chiropractor tune up their playing arm. Still, a golf course does add class to a place. And people come there to play from all corners of the country, including the Las

Vegas High School, where upperclassmen are given free lessons by the hotel. And even if the \$3 green fees don't begin to meet expenses, the course can be considered a prudent investment.

Mr. Clark allows his broad, hard gambler's face, which his admirers compare to Hopalong Cassidy's, to crack into an innocent smile as he says, "You should see the rows and rows of nice new shiny clubs hanging up in the clubhouse—never been used—but what an excuse for the wife when you want to come to Las Vegas."

The players make their contribution too. There are some Oklahoma oilmen who don't enjoy playing unless they are betting \$1,000 a hole. It stands to reason that that kind of money will, by law of averages, have found its way into Mr. Clark's pockets before the oilmen leave town.

The course was begun in November, 1951. Larry Hughes, one of the West Coast's leading golf architects, was called in. He took a day's look around and was appalled. He had already built a handsome and successful course in the desert—Thunderbird at Palm Springs—but that desert was paradise compared to this. It had a few rolling contours, magnificent scenery, more than three inches of rain a year, a soil silted up by flash floods and at least partially sympathetic to vegetation.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES CANAWAY

The Desert Inn soil was nothing but a flat stretch of blew sand, the scourings and scrapings of the desert. It was so rich in alkali that only the toughest kinds of sagebrush and greasewood would grow in it. State agronomists came down to test it and reported that it had no phosphates or nitrates whatever; while simple observation showed that water ran through it like a sieve.

However, Hughes went ahead, made a reasonable estimate and laid out his 18 holes, ingeniously designed both to trick the champions and to please the duffers. He left a capable young man named Kenny Bricknell, now the green-keeper, in charge, with a staff of 72 laborers, plus tractors, cats and a couple of crews of welders to go to work.

They dug ditches for a temporary water system, leached down the soil with gypsum to counteract the alkali, bulldozed the sand into the proper contours for greens and traps, laid down tons of humus and peat moss, scoured the caves of Arizona for the accumulated dung of millions of bats. In the blow sand enriched with all these materials, grass seed sprouted beautifully.

Then a great wind came up and blew away all the seeds, and for a month or so distant patches of desert were covered with flocks of throw rugs of green. The workers put in fresh seeds, and a new wind came up and this time blew away not just the seeds but the greens and the bunkers and returned the course to a state of desolation.

It was obviously going to be a windy season and new tactics were required. Instead of working over the whole course at once, only small segments were fertilized and planted at a time, then hovered over day and night. No more than 15 yards of ditch were kept open at a time. Even so the winds al-

most had their way. Every green blew away at least twice more, the 11th eight times. The 6th green was such a problem, it was kept covered for eight weeks with burlap bags, with hoses playing on them continuously, till the grass was strong enough to face the winds.

Hughes, who kept coming back for an aged look and a quick vertical adjustment of his estimate, decided to take a chance and try to turn the winds to some advantage. Instead of using Bermuda grass, which is tough but turns yellow in cold weather, he put in

bluegrass and fescue. These provide a rich green surface but are liable to fungus growths in hot climates. Hughes thought the wind might discourage the fungus as much as it did him, and he turned out to be right. Constantly enriched, aerated, watered, the sand has become a rich black soil, going down several inches in favorable spots.

Not all the spots are favorable, however. One great corner of the course, consisting of the first, 2nd and 10th holes, was found to consist of a great outcropping of caliche, a whitish rock-hard alkali formation, impervious to plant's root or man's pick. To get water pipes through these holes, they had to blast the ditches with dynamite. Even the Desert Inn couldn't have paid for grinding up all the caliche. They bulldozed two inches of sand over it and that is what the grass must grow in, to this day.

With the soil tamed, there remained the problem of water. Las Vegas had 5.40 inches of rain last year. In flood times it may go up to double that. On summer days the temperature is in the 110s and the humidity rarely over 2%. Under these conditions it takes more than half a million gallons of water a day to keep the course green and it took better than a million daily to get it to grow in the first place. The water has to come from wells, and the wells come from the Las Vegas water table, which has been dropping steadily since the white man began to tap it. Grateful as they are for the business brought to them by the gambling halls—after all, Las Vegas has no other industry, except the divorce and marriage trade—the local inhabitants were apt to show a certain sullen resentment when they had to cut down on their own

continued on next page

TOURNAMENT CONTENDERS

Player	Qualifying Victories
Gene Littler	1956 Tournament at Champions Hot Springs, Virginia Beach, Colonial
Bo Wingler Chandler Harper	Kansas City British Columbia, Fl. Wayne Milken, Western, Cavalcade, Phoenix
Dick Mayer Dow Finsterwald	U.S. Open St. Paul All Americas, PGA, Sponsons
Cary Middlecott	Worth Aberdeen Canadian Philadelphia Eastern
Jack Fleck Tommy Bolt Doug Ford	Long Island Mayfair Los Angeles Baton Rouge Agua Caliente, Wilmington
Jellie Horos Renny Ransom Arnold Palmer Ted Kroll	Pennacola St. Petersburg Dorchester
Frank Stranahan Max Evans Al Balding	Muriel Bear
Lloyd Mangrum Shelley Mayfield Mike Szafrank	
Dan Fairfield Mike Fetschick Gardner Dorchester	

DESERT GOLF

continued from page 27

bath water and see vast sprinklers showering all day over a golf course. The Desert Inn magnanimously decided to reduce its well consumption and, for an extra \$80,000, build a disposal plant which treats all the bath and kitchen and toilet water from the hotel and the houses on the real estate development. In a plant strategically located between the 8th and 14th fairways, only one of which need fear the



consequences at a time depending on the wind, all this water is led through four vast tanks. In the first two the sewage is reduced to a sludge, which is later dried, crushed and used as fertilizer for the course. The third tank releases the soap, which floats up in great rainbowy clouds when there is a breeze. In the last tank the water is so pure that salarman for the Refine process scoop it up and drink it with sniffs of pleasure. Thence it goes off to fill the seven lagoons which function as water hazards and also as reservoirs for the course sprinklers.

Use of this water on the fairways turned up a peculiarity of the Refine process. While all other foreign matter was being squeezed out, tomato seeds from the hotel's salads went through everything, and every spring they send up a rich tomato crop which has to be kept down by mowing.

Once the water gets into the lagoons, it is another big job to keep it there. On hot days it evaporates at the rate of 5,000 gallons an hour. Moreover, if it were left alone, it would all sink right down into the sand. So a product called Bentonite is mixed in liberally and forms an impervious crust on the floor.

Despite the Bentonite, anyone who goes wading into the water for a lost ball is liable to get an alkali foot bath. Luckily the Desert Inn is a high class place, where the waitresses will tell you haughtily, "We serve only Eastern beer"; and as the vice-president in charge of golf says, "We have very few of the type client who will take off his shoes and stockings and go

wading just for a one-dollar golf ball."

Once the water problem was licked, the worst seemed to be over. There was nothing left to fix up but the sand-traps, and there was plenty of sand around. Alas, it was the wrong kind of sand: it was too fine and any wind would blow it away when dry; if you wet it, it hardened and wasn't a sand-trap any more. So sand had to be imported from Los Angeles, at \$17.50 a square yard.

There were a few human troubles too. Scorpions stung the workmen, rattlesnakes hissed at them. But as the grass took root these desert dwellers had to retreat and birds came down to replace them. Geese sampled the lagoons and as trees were planted, the publicity office announced an invasion of song birds from the mountains—and to prove it organized an Audubon Club. Since bird-watching time coincides with the heaviest play at the crap tables, the club never amounted to much more than a science teacher from Las Vegas High. He did report seeing two unusual kinds of woodpecker.

The course was supposed to be completed in six months, and at that time the professional, Howard Capps, turned up. He looked at the five holes already completed, looked harder at the stony waste where the others were supposed to be and almost yielded to despair. The workmen however did not lose hope. Neither did Hughes, who simply extended his time limit and upped his estimate again.

In October 1952, three months beyond Hughes's maximum schedule, everybody was rewarded. The 18 holes were ready to be played on. They looked a little bare because their 2,000-or-so trees were still dwarfs; but in five years the fairways will be lined with jungles. They looked deceptively simple because the course is so flat. But by artful combinations of narrow fairways, hidden dips in front of the greens, extensive water hazards which are always a psychological shock in the middle of the desert (they might be mirages, mightn't they?), Hughes had made a course which was up to tournament standards. The best 72-hole score made over it in championship play has been a 278.

The inspiration for the Tournament of Champions came soon after the course was completed and it was a success from the start. This year the winner will receive \$10,000 and every entrant is guaranteed \$1,000 just for finishing four rounds. This, of course, does not take into account the accompanying Calcutta, which last year had

a purse of \$302,000. There are other tournaments in the world which give bigger prizes. But the Desert Inn people are scornful of them: "Ours is more classical." That is to say, it is open only to men who have won a major tournament the year before and, in addition to the mere checks, it offers the contestants tailored white jackets, room, board and gracious desert living (but no drinks), all for free.

Champions and a pleasingly large number of ordinary players (12,000 in the first year of operation) have found it a first-class course, beautifully run, well worth all the sweat and cash, almost deserving the description of the publicity manager, Mr. Eugene Murphy: "This is a course," he says, "which would tax the resources of a Croesus to build, and the wizardry of a Merlin to play."

The Croesus part is easy to confirm. Adding Hughes's fees to the cost of the disposal plant to the cost of the land to whatever shenanigans were involved in getting a few miles of pipe at the beginning of the Korean war, the initial cost of the course was between \$990,000 and a million dollars. For the



inauguration, on October 15, 1952, Wilbur Clark was given a silver-plated ball to drive off the first tee. Someone bet him \$150 he couldn't drive it more than 180 yards. He rapidly calculated the odds and accepted. He stepped up and drove it, again in the words of Mr. Murphy, "two hundred forty yards straight as an arrow, after which it deflected into the rough"—so far that it was not found for two weeks. In the meantime, a replica had been inclosed in a suitably inscribed glass case, of the same type as the one which holds the original pair of dice which on June 10, 1951 shot 23 straight paces and cost the house \$158,000. (CME)

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QUITE A WEEK IN PRO BOXING

A \$10,000 check is variously explained, a judge does his homework, a code is studied and a worm wriggles

by MARTIN KANE

IT WAS QUITE a week in professional boxing. In California there was a little matter of a \$10,000 check stub made out to "A. W.," which could have stood for Al Weill.

In New York Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan took home a mound of documents to study before resuming trial of United States of America, Plaintiff, vs. International Boxing Club of New York, Inc., et al., Defendants, an anti-monopoly action of import to sport (SI, April 23).

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania's Governor George M. Leader sat with members of the National Boxing Association and other boxing elite to talk over a proposed uniform national code for the sport. Julius M. Helfand, New York's rampaging commissioner, was present, and he is a very blunt man. As the governor's group sat with ballplayers at the ready for a rousing preamble to the code, Helfand snapped at them that there is law and code aplenty for those who would clean up boxing. What's needed, said Helfand, is enforcement of the existing code in such delinquent states as New Jersey and Illinois.

And in Illinois the fight fans howled once more in futile dismay at a Chicago Stadium decision—this time the split victory of Bobby Boyd, a rising young middleweight who leans on the Bible for strength before fights and on his opponent during them. A referee and judge decided Boyd had beaten Holly Mills, but to the crowd and to some sportswriters the decision had an odor that might have come off the Rugby pig farm of Johnny Williams, latest victim of Hurricane Jackson's spastic punches. The Boyd-Mills affair was the first Stadium fight since the mighty peculiar night of March 14, when Carmen Basilio was stripped of his welterweight championship by an equally unpopular decision. It was also the first of nine Stadium fights in

which the favorite (3 to 5 this time) won. Three times previously this same Bobby Boyd, whose manager of record is Bernard Glickman, had been the underdog at the Stadium. In the Mills fight he was appearing there for the fourth time in nine fight nights. Boyd would appear, then, to be the Stadium management's favorite son, for reasons not apparent in his drawing power—a mere 2,496 on this occasion. Somebody up there, as Rocky Graziano has put it, must like him. A defense point in the IBC's antitrust troubles with the government is that the Stadium lost well over \$300,000 last year.

While the Illinois boxing commission meekly pondered the fact that no one but fight fans would tell it what was wrong with boxing in Illinois, California's James Cox, appointed by Governor Goodwin Knight to turn over boxing's wet rocks, skowered another grubworm on his trident. This time it was Jimmy Murray, the northern California Doppelgänger of Los Angeles' Babe McCoy.

Cox contended that Murray had kicked back \$10,000 to Al Weill, Rocky Marciano's manager, after the Don Cockell fight. It was money, Cox said, which should have gone to the fighters. He produced the check stub, made out to "A. W.," but Murray insisted that his word on a check stub was no good and actually he had lost the money at the races. Cox reminded him that the race track had closed three days before. Murray mumbled it must have been some other race track. Then he decided that, well, he had just plain "spent" the money.

On a hearing room blackboard Cox set down some figures, those that might turn up in the kind of fight contract he was describing:

"Contract	\$1,500
Base	1,000
Manager	500
Mgr.—'present'	250*

"Isn't it, in fact, true, Mr. Murray," he asked, "that the \$250 payment should be written as 'Theft'?"

There was no adequate answer and that was as far as Cox could get on this, which was part of an attempt to establish that the kickback to managers (and the cheating, thereby, of fighters) was common California practice. In New York Al Weill said: "I wish it was so, but it isn't. I haven't seen any \$10,000."

Cox developed the fact that Murray, like many prominent men in boxing, was a friend of Frankie Carbo, the sinister underworld figure. Yes, he had met Mr. Carbo "socially" many times, Murray said, and liked him very much. Another Murray friend was Mobster Mickey Cohen, and still another was Gambler Dave Kennell, who was run out of town by police when he and Murray visited Los Angeles.

But the best friend of all was Babe McCoy, the Los Angeles matchmaker and ex-convict fiar. What he and Murray had in common, mostly, was Willie Ginsberg. Ginsberg had previously disclosed only the vaguest connection with boxing. A sort of hanger-on, he thought you might call him. On the other hand, there were indications that he might better be called a "bag man" for McCoy. And, through Murray's testimony about Ginsberg, the name of Blinky Palermo, manager of Welterweight Champion Johnny Saxton, came into the investigation, as it comes into so many.

HARD TO BELIEVE

Ginsberg had testified that Murray paid him \$896 for driving Ike Williams, a Palermo fighter, around to radio stations for a couple of days. Would Murray regard this as a reasonable sum for such services, Cox inquired. "I sure wouldn't," Murray replied, "but, Mr. Cox, if I could sit down with you—off the record—I could tell you a lot about the fight game."

"It's hard to believe, I know," he continued, "but Crazy Blinky Palermo—that's what we call him—asked me to give Willie a percentage of the show because he liked Willie."

He had laid out, he remembered under prodding, \$117.74 to buy Willie "some hats and ties."

"Everybody," he explained easily, "likes hats when someone else is paying for them."

That was the brightest remark of the week. It was, as stated before, quite a week in boxing—in California, in New York, in Pennsylvania and in Illinois. (EW 4)

QUITE A BOY IN MADISON

In 1951 Vinnie Ferguson and his father set out to win a 1956 Olympic boxing berth. Step No. 1: an NCAA title

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Look at the picture below. Here are a boxer and his father. Nobody has heard very much about them yet. But everyone will—and soon.

The boy is Vinnie Ferguson, 18 years old, first-team freshman at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. His father, Ed, a peppery, voluble Irishman, is a Tammany Hall politician in New York. Five years ago Ed sat down with his son Vinnie and planned out a campaign to win an Olympic boxing championship in 1956. Vinnie's dad knew what he was talking about: in his younger days he had been an amateur boxer and is a fight manager today ("Carlos Ortiz, outstanding undefeated lightweight prospect from New York's East Side"). The plans were carefully laid, exactly carried out. The result: until the National Collegiate Athletic Association championships in Madison last week Vinnie Ferguson had won 51 of 51 fights, 35 by knockouts.

Those wins were not easy to come by. Since 1951 Ed has had Vinnie campaigning in the amateur ranks, and Vinnie has responded by winning six amateur titles, among them two international boys' club championships, one in London and one in New York. Furthermore, Vinnie has been just as familiar a sight around Stillman's Gym as Lou Stillman himself. In the Stillman's ring Vinnie has perfected his art by sparring with such fighters as Carmelo Costa, Frankie Ryff, Chico Vejar, Hector Constantino, Del Flanagan, Billy Graham, Walt Cartier, Gene Fullmer, Bobby Dykes and Hurricane Jackson. All in all, Vinnie Ferguson has had ample chance to show that he is truly a prodigy of the ring.

The Five-Year Plan is almost fulfilled now. This month Vinnie, a light middleweight, competed in the three-day National Collegiate Athletic Association boxing championships at Madison. An NCAA championship qualifies the winner for a tryout for the U.S.

Olympic team, so the goal was in sight. For the occasion, Ed flew out to Madison to help guide his son through to victory.

On Friday morning Vinnie, who had drawn a first-round by the day before, weighed in at 154 pounds (or simply "54," as Vinnie says, just like the Stillman's crowd). After the weigh-in, Ed took his son back to the Hotel Park for a strategy conference in his room. The talk concerned Gus Fiacco of Syracuse, Friday night's semifinal opponent. Ed had scouted Fiacco the day before.

"Now listen to me," Ed said, stripping his coat off. "We go from fight to fight. I want you to remember that. You've fought this guy before, and you beat him. But from what I hear, you fought his fight!" Vinnie tried to get a word in, but his father cut him off. "Just listen!" Ed cried, assuming a stance. "You're not arguing with me. You're out to beat him! You beat him to the punch. He jiggles," said Ed, jiggling. "He gets inside, then boom! You don't let him get inside. Now you know that when he jiggles from side to side that he's getting ready to go in with a jump." Ed jiggled from side to side.

"You keep your head down in behind that jab," Ed said, as he pushed Vinnie's head down and straightened his left arm out. "You're a boxer. You're a class fighter. Show him that class. Even show him a piece of chin. Sucker him in. Then hif-bop-ham!" Ed cried, thrashing the air. "Two things to remember," he shouted. "You keep this guy busy by going to the right. And so two-punch deal. No boom-boom. But hif-bop-ham. You set him up with the jab, then hit him with the right hand. If he ducks the right hand,

continued on next page



FRESH FROM SEMIFINAL WIN, ED AND VINNIE FERGUSON SCOUT OPPONENT FOR TITLE FIGHT

then threw the left hook. But don't throw that left hook around. He'll be waiting for it. Bar with him."

Vinnie nodded. "Biff-bop-bare," he grunted.

"That's it," Ed said, approving, from the bed. "Keep in action, keep stroking and don't expose yourself with that left hook."

After the strategy talk, Vinnie left for a steak at Toia's Steak House. Ed waited in the hotel. When Vinnie came back, he rested until 6:45. Then he jumped out of bed and roused his father.

"Oh," cried Ed, looking at the clock. He jumped up and ran for his clothes. "You dress like a fireman," Vinnie yelled after him. Ed stopped, assumed a stance and threw a left jab and a right at his son. "A left-boss to you," he shouted. Ed dressed, and he and Vinnie ran downstairs and caught a cab to the fieldhouse. Vinnie went to the dressing room, and Ed took his inside seat in the fieldhouse.

It didn't take long for the spectators around Ed to learn that he was Vinnie's father. "Nervous, Pa?" the man behind him asked. "I'm always nervous," Ed replied. Someone reminded Ed that it was Friday the 13th, and that Vinnie was fighting Placido in bout 13. "It's just as easy to get punched on the nose on the 13th," Ed remarked. Along about bout six, Ed got up for a smoke. He was back in a minute. He had forgotten his cigarette. "Can't smoke my finger," Ed quipped to the man behind him. "Pa's nervous," the man announced at large, and the crowd around him laughed sympathetically. When Vinnie came out with Wisconsin Coach John Walsh, Ed raced over. He gave Vinnie a big kiss and wished him luck. Then Ed raced back to his ringside seat.

"Tonight he'll right-hand this guy to death," Ed whispered, as the bell rang for round one. Placido came out, lugging from side to side. Vinnie, following instructions, circled to the right. His dancing left hand caught Placido on the nose. "One-two, Vinnie! One-two," Ed cried, jumping up from his seat. "Take it easy, Pa," the man behind Ed said. Vinnie took the first round easily. He had Placido off balance. The bell rang for round two. "Double it up! Double it up!" Ed yelled as Vinnie began to land combinations. "Let's stick! Let's stick!" he yelled as Vinnie landed two quick left jabs. Vinnie threw a left hook, and

Placido crowded inside, landing punches to the body. "Beat Bos. For the love of life, bos," Ed screamed in dismay. The round ended. The bell rang for round three. "Over to your right and bos," Ed yelled. "Your fight, not his, Vinnie! One-two and relax. One-two." The bell rang, ending the fight.

"Placido had the fight all out of him, Pa," the man behind Ed remarked.

"Yeah," muttered Ed weakly.

The ring announcer gave the decision: the winner of the semifinal bout, Ferguson of the University of Wisconsin. Vinnie remained at ringside with Coach Walsh, and Ed joined them to scout Dick Wall of Oklahoma in the next semifinal. Wall won, and Ed said: "We'll get Mr. Wall tomorrow night."

On Saturday, after a luncheon at the Maple Bluff Country Club—Governor Walter Kohler of Wisconsin, chief speaker (SI, April 23)—Ed took Vinnie back to the hotel for another strategy talk. "Mr. Wall has let the

"I'll pop-shot him," said Vinnie, who, as Ed says, is not the kind of kid to hide behind doors when it comes to talking about boxing.

"It's a war," said Ed.

"I gotta call him," said Vinnie seriously.

"I seldom call for a war," said Ed, wagging a finger. "But with him, we gotta war."

After a nap Ed and Vinnie took a cab to the fieldhouse. "Remember the change of strategy," Ed warned before Vinnie left for the dressing room. "And good luck."

The double-decked fieldhouse was beginning to fill up. "We got less to wait tonight. He's fighting in the seventh bout," said Ed, smoking a cigarette beneath the stands. "We've been sweating through 52 fights now. This is it, or no Olympics." The Wisconsin band played a march, and the crowd of 14,000, almost double that of any Madison Square Garden crowd in the



PREFIGHT ADVICE: "BLAST WALL'S DEFENSE"

word out: "I hope he don't press me." He wants you to press him. But we aren't going to press him. This guy is a buster, a spot puncher, and he hopes that while he's strong—I watched him tire last night—that you'll come in so he can box you. Strictly a counter-puncher. Don't underestimate Wall. He knows how to dance. He's been around [Wall was a Chicago Golden Gloves champion in 1963 and 1965, fighting at 147 pounds]."

Ed assumed a stance. "We'll out-smart him," Ed announced. Vinnie nodded. "Wall's the kind of guy that will fall for feints, if they're properly fed to him," Ed observed, pausing to let the remark sink in. "He'll move with the feint. Now, Wall gets tired in the latter half of the fight. In the first round, we'll feint him and con him. We'll do the same thing halfway in the second. Then we'll open up and go. We'll slug him."



... MOVE IN CLOSE, THEN LET HIM HAVE IT

last two and a half years, began to warm up for the NCAA finals. Ed paced back and forth beneath the stands. The lights dimmed, and the band played *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and the crowd actually sang the words. "First time I ever heard that," Ed said with a smile.

After Dick Bartman won the 139-pound championship to clinch the team title for Wisconsin, Ed remarked: "The team pressure's off Vinnie." When Vinnie came out of the dressing room, Ed wished him luck, then sprinted for his seat. "Well, here's Pa," the man behind him remarked. Ed smiled.

The introductions were made, and Wall came out of his corner with a smile on his face. Vinnie looked serious. Wall waited for Vinnie to lead, but Vinnie didn't. Vinnie lashed out with a left jab, catching Wall on the nose. Wall fired back, but Vinnie slipped away. "Feint, Vin, feint!" Ed

shouted, jumping up. "There goes Pa again," the man behind him chuckled. "Feint, Vin, feint. Attaboy! Attaboy!" The crowd roared as Vinnie caught Wall against the ropes. "Don't face him in there. Back out! Back out!" Ed yelled. Wall slipped away from Vinnie, and the bell rang. Vinnie walked back to his corner with his chest out. Ed smiled and turned to the man behind him. "Well," he said, "we got Mr. Wall now."

The second round began, and Vinnie came out, boxing. A minute passed with not much action, then Vinnie broke loose. He put his head down and rushed Wall against the ropes. Wall was taken by surprise. Vinnie landed a right to the jaw, and Wall's knees wobbled. The crowd screamed for the knockout. "This is it. Take him! Take him!" Ed screamed. But Vinnie forgot to follow with the left hook that would have ended the fight. Wall, in desperation, reached up with a right hand and



...WALL TO YOUR CORNER WITH A RIGHT SWAT

drove Vinnie back away from the ropes. Vinnie landed a left, a right to the chin, a left hook to the body. Wall came back with a right on the headguard that shook Vinnie. Vinnie moved in under the right and banged away to the body. Wall was beginning to tire as the bell ended the round.

The fight was just as savage in the third. Vinnie did the leading, Wall the countering, but Vinnie took most of the exchanges. As the bell rang, both boys were still fighting in the center of the ring. "I think you got it, Pa," the man behind Ed shouted. "I think so too!" Ed shouted back. And they were both right. Vinnie was announced as the winner and NCAA 156-pound champion. Wisconsin supporters grabbed him as he stepped through the ropes and carried him on their shoulders to the dressing room. The band blared On Wisconsin, and Ed ran

continued on next page

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THE FERGUSONS

continued from page 53

back to the dressing room with tears in his eyes. After embracing Vinnie, he ran out to phone his wife and daughter in New York. While he was gone, Wall came into the dressing room. He stuck out his hand, still taped, and shook with Vinnie. Both boys smiled. "Dang, boy, but it was a good fight," said Wall. "Thanks," said Vinnie. "Gee, thanks."

It was a memorable evening. Vinnie, along with Bartman, Dean Piermonta, Orville Pitts and Truman Stardevant, the other Wisconsin champions, made a victory appearance on television. Ed,

sport it is. And lastly, Ed touched upon Vinnie.

"Actually," said Ed, sitting back with a cigaret, "what all this amounts to is that we've been scheming and planning just to get the kid up there in the Olympics. It looks as though he'll make it. But another thing to me, something that's really important, is that sheepskin for the kid. I want him to get that degree so bad. Partly because I missed it myself, and then because the aim of any father is for the son to become a better man than he ever was. That's what this all really means to me. This school is great, and I hope that Vinnie appreciates that. They've done a lot for him."



FERGUSON IN ACTION: ABERCROMBIE & FITCH. NEILA BOXERS WEAR 31-BURST GLOVES AND HEADBOARDS

in turn, made a victory appearance at a party given by the Downtown Secords at the Madison Club, and when he returned to the room at the Park he had just enough time and wind left for a few observations. He talked about Ivy Williamson, the Wisconsin athletic director, and Coach Walsh and his assistant, Vern Woodward. "These kind of people," said Ed, "they can make anything decent." He talked about the great interest in boxing at Madison and about Dr. Anthony Currier, professor of surgery at Wisconsin, a former boxer who has done so much to make college boxing the safe, clean

Ed got up, squashed out his cigaret and put on the white-and-red flowered pajamas which his daughter had bought for him at Wamamaker's. He took a final look around the room before going to bed. "You know," said Ed, making his last observation of the night, "sometimes, just sometimes, I hope that maybe Vinnie will lose. Not in the Olympics or anything like that. But just a little tiny loss when it doesn't really count. It's 55 straight now, and I'm gettin' a little tired of holdin' my breath." Then Ed hopped into bed and turned out the light to dream of glory at Melbourne. (E.R.R.)

TIP FROM THE TOP

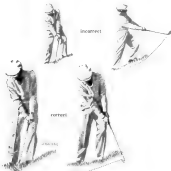


Especially for middle-
and high-handicap golfers

from **AL ESPOSITO**, Country Club of Charleston, S.C.

One shot many golfers have a misconception about is the recovery from an uphill bank in the rough that fringes the green area. It is really quite a simple shot. In taking your stance—which is the key to making the shot simple—the golfer should bend his left knee to compensate for the incline of the slope and should play the ball just slightly forward of the center of his body. The right shoulder should be down a bit, but the incline usually takes care of that anyhow.

The golfer should step up to this shot understanding that it is a member of the chip-shot family. The common error golfers make is to pick the club up steeply on the backswing and to force the hands quickly up and over on the follow-through, as if the stroke required was a punch-swing delivered with all possible strength. What this faulty technique accomplishes is to drive the ball into the bank. The golfer should instead understand that he is playing the stroke correctly when there is only slight wrist-break action and when the back of his left hand goes straight out toward the pin, as it does on an ordinary chip. The club head should stay low, merely follow the upslope of the bank. The angle of the face of the club provides all the loft that is needed. It is up to the golfer to provide the delicacy the shot calls for.



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THE BROWN TROUT:

This finicky feeder is the dry fly purist's greatest challenge and a proof

THERE is a pool on the West Branch of the Ausable River, in the Adirondacks, where the bank overhangs almost four feet of crystal-clear, slowly moving water. If you approach the opposite bank carefully, early in the evening, and cast a small light Cahill dry fly on a 12-foot 6X leader so that it floats gently at the head of the run, a dark torpedo shape will slide out from the shadow of the bank and move under the floating fly. As you watch, the shape rises surfaceward in the water until you see it is a brown trout of three or four or five pounds. Drifting with the current, its nose almost touching the fraudulent tidbit, the trout studies the fly. Then it slides silently back into the shadow. You cast again, and again, and then you tie a 4X tippet onto your leader in hopes the finer, longer leader may deceive the fish. Again you cast, and again the torpedo slides out from the bank, drifts for an interminable minute under the fly and again returns sedately to the shadow.

Because you want the trout—it would be the biggest you ever took on a dry fly—you hunt through your leader case for a strand of 6X gut, tie it to your leader and bend the light Cahill to it. Again you cast. Again the torpedo

moves out and touches its nose to the fly. Then (perhaps because it knows the tensile strength of a gut strand .004 inches in diameter) the trout gently sucks the floating fly into its mouth. When you set the hook the great fish thrashes angrily and dives for the tangle of roots under the bank. You do everything right: you hold the rod high, drop the tip when the fish throws its burly body out of water and try to check it when it heads for the roots. When the 6X gut breaks you reel up and go sit on a log and smoke a cigaret. When your hands have stopped shaking you tie another light Cahill to the end of the leader and walk up to the next pool. On the way you give thanks for Europe's great gift to the American fly fisherman: the choosy, moody, infuriatingly fickle, surface-feeding brown trout, the hardest trout of all to catch, the unquestionable favorite of all discerning dry fly fishermen.

Behind the brown trout is a history in the true American tradition, a story complete with its misunderstood hero, lots of conflict and a happy ending. The setting is an idyllic one of dark pools and sparkling riffles, but too often the background music of whispering streams and the liquid notes of the hermit thrush have been drowned out by the



A SUCCESS STORY

hat even for a fish America is the land of opportunity

by CECIL HEACOX

plain and fancy cussing of sportsmen, scientists and nature-lovers. The story opens on February 24, 1883, when the German liner *Werra* arrived in New York harbor with 50,000 brown trout eggs consigned to the New York State Hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, where Fred Mather—sportsman, writer, fish culturist—was in charge. Glistening softly like pearls in moss-lined trays, the eggs, the first important shipment to this country, were received casually and without fanfare.

Even the idea behind the shipment was casual—as casual as two sportsmen fishing quietly along a trout stream. Mather, a representative of the United States at the International Fisheries Exposition at Berlin in 1880, made the acquaintance of Herr F. Von Behr, president of the *Deutscher Fischerei Verein*. Mather also met the brown trout on the business end of a line. Taking a business holiday on one of the streams near Baden, he was thrilled by the fighting qualities of the trout in the Black Forest streams. Von Behr promised to send him a gift of brown trout eggs.

As the eggs were carefully transferred to the clear, running water in the hatchery troughs, there was nothing to

indicate that each egg was loaded with flared dynamite. When these brown trout eggs and other shipments from Germany and the British Isles were hatched and planted in American waters, the reaction was immediate, hostile and violent.

"Speckled carp," sneered oldtimers. The griping was especially loud in the Adirondacks, stronghold of the brook trout. No one had a good word for the brown trout; even professional opinion was against him. In 1897 the Michigan Fish Commission stated flatly: "A few years of experiment and experience have convinced us that the brown trout is inferior in every respect to either the brook or the rainbow."

While the hot stove boys sounded off, the brown trout thrived, stubbornly resisting attempts to eradicate it from the streams and lakes where it had been planted.

What the cracker barrel debaters didn't know was that their adversary was no Johnny-come-lately. It had a long and distinguished past stretching back to survival in the grim days of the Ice Age. The brown trout originated in the Arctic as a migratory fish. As the great glacier extended southward, the brown trout came with it. Later when the

continued on next page

THE FAVORED DIET OF THE DISCERNING BROWNIE



MAY FLY

Nymph and adult stages of *Ephemera guttata*, which is the famous "green drake" fly of the eastern trout waters.



CADDIS FLY

Larva and adult stages of a "stick" caddis fly, which the fisherman imitates with several different edge patterns.



STONE FLY

Nymph and adult stages of *Plecoptera*, found in most trout waters and imitated by the various willow flies.

PRINCIPAL FOODS of the brown trout are the hundreds of species of May flies, caddis flies and stone flies over which

are eaten by the brownie in the underwater, hatching and adult airborne phases and are imitated by the angler's artificial flies.

THE BROWN TROUT

continued from page 47

Ice sheet receded and the seas grew warm again, colonies of brown trout were trapped in the cold streams they had entered.

For the first fishermen, then, the brown trout was at home in English chalk streams like Walton's favorite Lea or Cotton's beloved Dove; in the burns and lochs of Scotland (the world's red and reel record of 39½ pounds came from Loch Awe), in the rushing torrents of the mile-high Pyrenees, in the ice-cold lakes and streams of Norway and Sweden, in the braiding tributaries of the Russian Caspian.

And from the beginning of sporting literature the brown trout was a fish to be reckoned with. The publication of *The Compleat Angler* in 1653 gave the brown trout a lasting literary sanction, for Walton wrote with loving appreciation of his favorite fish.

But there were stormy years ahead. Even its scientific name has been a bone of contention, and the battle is still on.

Salmo trutta is the scientific name in general use today; its common name in this country started, naturally enough, as Van Behr trout and was later called German brown trout. During World War I the Teutonic part of the name was dropped and it became simply the brown trout.

But whatever its name, the pioneering spirit has been dominant.

As steam supplanted sail, a new enthusiasm for introductions developed. In 1900 the Duke of Bedford sent the Maharaja of Kashmir a present of

brown trout eggs in exchange for a gift of Kashmir stags. Brown trout eggs also went to many other parts of the world.

With this colorful history of successful establishment it seems odd that the brown trout met such fanatical opposition in this country. Certainly, establishing new frontiers is a treasured part of our own history. And the brown trout, as a courageous and rugged pioneer, should have been admired by Americans. Why then did the newcomer make sportsmen's hackles rise?

In appearance the brown lacks the vivid, speckled grace of a brook and the tapered elegance of the magenta-striped rainbow. But there is a sturdy beauty in the tawny golden body brightly dotted with red and black spots. Walton said, "The very shape and the enamell'd colour of him hath been such, as hath joyed me to look on him. . . ."

To Walton the brown trout was simply the trout. It was the only trout he knew.

The brown trout spawns in the fall. The female prepares a nest by excavating, with powerful movements of the tail and fins, a hollow place in the stream bed about six by 12 inches.

With water temperature at 56°, the eggs hatch in 50 days.

On its first birthday, a brown trout will be from four to six inches; six to nine inches in its second year; and nine to 12 inches at the end of the third year. The male brown is usually mature in the second year, the female a year later. A brown trout of 8 years is a veritable Methuselah.

There would seem to be little in

these simple life-history facts to anger fishermen, but resentment against the newcomer continued to mount. As the conflict in the brown trout story came into sharper focus, a piscatorial god of the day would have shown the thinking shaped up like this:

The brown trout did not bite as readily as the brook. Dislike was a natural reaction of frustrated anglers. The brown trout grew much larger than the brook trout. These larger fish were even harder to catch. Mere frustration.

Stomach analyses often revealed fish, even brook trout, so sportsmen added fuel to the fire by condemning the brown as a cannibal. Furthermore, the brown trout not only grew larger but in streams where brook trout were also present the brown soon took over. Fishermen, notorious sentimentalsists, grieved over the displacement of a native American species.

To add insult to injury, anglers and self-acclaimed gourmets convinced themselves that after all their hard work of outwitting the brown it just didn't taste as good as the brook.

But in these troubled waters the brown continued to thrive and multiply. There was no doubt about it; like it or not, the brown was here to stay. Fishermen had to learn to live with the critter. As they became better acquainted with the fish, the foreigner began to be appreciated and accepted, reluctantly at first but finally with downright enthusiasm.

A strange thing had happened. The very qualities that first condemned the brown trout eventually brought about its popularity.

That same wily elusiveness that had

so maddened anglers became a challenge, and in meeting it they learned respect for their quarry. Fishermen decided its lack of cooperation was due not to stubbornness but a high IQ. Psychologically, this new admiration for the brown was probably a form of self-flattery but nonetheless satisfying: smart fish, smarter fishermen.

The factor that cast the deciding vote was the brown's ability to adapt to the changing physical conditions of the streams. In higher water temperatures, with indiscriminate timbering, pollution, increased fishing pressure, improved angling techniques—all concomitants of the country's rapid development—the brown not only survived but flourished. The more delicate brook trout received the final *coup de grâce* largely because its habitat requirements were more exacting than those of the brown.

The ability of the brown to survive in water temperatures up to 86° while the brook turns belly up at 75° was the final clincher.

The brown trout took over the conqueror's role with the modest assurance of the invincible. It was introduced into at least 42 states and most of the Canadian provinces. In the Batten Kill of Vermont, the Ausable of New York, the Brodheads of Pennsylvania, the Pere Marquette of Michigan, the Brule of Wisconsin, the Gunnison of Colorado, the Madison of Montana and a host of others, the brown has added glory to the art of angling.

The West, apparently, still has reservations. Last year the Montana Fish and Game Commission said: "The brown trout is a good fish, but the average fisherman is not skilled enough to catch it."

In the East, however, the brown is indelibly etched in sport fishing history, and with its newly won approval came the golden age of angling. Theodore Gordon, known as the "father of dry fly fishing in America," was also godfather to the brown trout.

"They afford a man a sensation that he is in no danger of forgetting to the last day of his life," he wrote.

In the early 1900s Gordon knew the feeding habits of trout as well as the fishery biologists of today. And it is these feeding habits that are the key to the place the brown trout has won in anglers' hearts. During much of the fishing season the brown is a surface feeder. Thus all the action, all the drama, takes place in full view of the fisherman. The brown is also a selective feeder. About 80% of its diet is

composed of May flies in various stages of development. Most of the dry fly eastern fishermen use are imitations of May flies; there's the subimago, or first winged form as it emerges from the nymph stage; and the imago, or final winged form. Fishermen call the first stage "duns" and the second "spinners." Thus the iron blue dun becomes a Jenny spinner.

The advent of the brown trout created the fly-fisherman in his most exalted form—the purist, using the dry fly only.

A poll of Catskill flytims to check the favorite brown trout flies reveals that three patterns head every list: quill Gordon, Hendrickson and the light Cahill.

Far from scorning *Salmo trutta*, there are now thousands of anglers ready to spend millions of dollars to

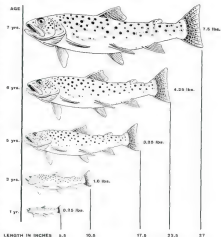
catch it. Today brown trout fishing has become a many-splendored, money-spending thing. The accoutrements of a well-equipped angler will add up to about \$350.

Back in 1683 Isaac Walton wrote of the brown: "The Trout is a fish highly valued both in this and foreign Nations . . . he is a Fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams and the hardest gravel; and . . . the most dainty palates have allowed precedence to him."

Three hundred years later, fishermen are still finding out how right Walton was.

But the finny foreigner, just to show it has absorbed American democracy, often grabs a juicy worm dangled by a Catskill farm boy whose fishing equipment set him back less than \$20, including his farm boots. (E. M. G.)

YEARLY GROWTH RATE OF THE BROWN TROUT



UNUSUAL ADAPTABILITY is the keynote to the brown trout's success in the U.S. Able to survive in warm water temperatures which turn the native eastern brook trout belly up, it has continued to grow and flourish in spite of deteriorating stream conditions.

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 88 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from 5th and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

A government undercover agent in the wealthy Houston area risks his life to gather evidence on the illegal slaughter and sale of more than 200,000 wildfowl

THE BIGGEST U.S. RAID AGAINST MARKET HUNTING BAGS 53 TEXANS

IN THE EXPANSIVE YEARS before World War I hundreds of Americans were active as market hunters—men who legally killed and sold wildfowl. It was something of a luxury business, and it paid well. Not until America's population of ducks and geese had been decimated and the passenger pigeon blasted into virtual extinction did anyone reckon the actual cost to the country of such slaughter. Then in 1918 Congress passed the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, and market hunting was outlawed.

But in areas where there is a taste for ducks and money to pay for them market hunters still persist. Texas is one such area and last week in six wealthy southeastern counties 49 agents directed by Lawrence Merovka, regional supervisor for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, staged the most extensive raid in the service's history. Fifty-three market hunters and buyers were arrested, accused of slaughtering an estimated 200,000 birds in the past two years for clients who paid up to \$5 a carcase.

The coup produced a mixed bag. It included farmers, oil-field workers, ranch hands and a few specimens of more particular interest, notably Johnny Boertz, operator of the Top Hat nightclub near Houston, which often has featured game on its menu; Luther Berwick, an ex-convict who served 10 years for killing a onetime girl friend and her indiscreet male admirer; and Constable Ike Franks of Alcoa, who declared: "This is all politics."

Franks's observation notwithstanding, the 53—most of them now free on \$2,500 bond each—all face stiff fines and up to six months in prison for each offense. If convictions are obtained, principal credit will belong to a Fish and Wildlife undercover agent who for two years, at the possible risk of his life, circulated among the hunters and buyers and actually purchased 3,000 illegally butchered ducks.

The government started to build its case in 1964 when Anthony Filant, an assistant United States District Attorney in Houston, wrote Merovka to report that he had received complaints of market hunting in his area. Merovka knew just what to do. He called Anthony Marc Stefano in California. Stefano, a stocky 47-year-old lawyer who habitually wears an unbuttoned Charlie Chan type hat to hide his bald head, is one of the Fish and Wildlife Service's more intrepid undercover agents. When Merovka halted him, he had just cracked a market hunting ring in the San Joaquin Valley near San Francisco.

Stefano immediately moved to Houston, renting a five-room frame bungalow in suburban Bellaire. Representing himself as a jewelry salesman, a trade he had studied in connection with previous undercover work, Stefano began moving about in Houston's café society, giving special attention to clubs and restaurants that billed wildfowl dinners.

Once he had established acquaintanceships, Stefano began hinting that he might be in the market for hunting birds. At the Top Hat, the government will contend, Club Operator Boertz introduced Stefano to Luther Berwick. Before long Berwick invited Stefano to join him in the field.

"We'd go hunting at 5 or 4 or even 2 in the morning," Stefano recalls. "We'd crouch down there near the rice breaks and wait for the ducks to come fluttering in. I always kept very close to Luther." One foggy dawn as they squatted in a rice field, Berwick spoke offhandedly, "You know, I'd rather kill a Federal man than take the rap for shooting ducks for market." Quietly Stefano answered: "Look, if you think there's an agent working this country let's get the hell out of here. You know I've been handling 100 to 150 ducks at a time. . . ."

Stefano systematically continued to work his way into the confidence of Berwick and other hunters. Like Berwick, they hunted for the most part at night, concentrating on localities where ducks and geese roosted or fed. Some gunners baited and shot from blinds. Others would stalk the birds and fire point-blank into grounded flocks. Al used illegal "Long Terns," shotguns fitted with special magazines that could hold a dozen or more shells. No. 1 of the men were much concerned about game wardens. "Never mind the wardens," Stefano was told, "we know what they're doing every minute. We keep a tail on them whenever we are working."

Stefano slowly built his case. He bought ducks from as many hunters as he could, carefully tagged them and stowed them in a freezer. On a New Year's Eve at the Top Hat he was offered the best duck dinner in the house, gratefully ate it and then slipped the bones in his pocket to add one more item to a growing body of evidence.

One night at the Top Hat, according to Stefano, he was challenged to prove his bogus profession. Boertz dropped by his table and flashed a diamond



DEJECTED Bill Freeman of Katy is escorted to police car. Behind him, Al is Merovka, who directed the mass raid.



DEFIANT Louie Lyons of Barker-Karpis water arrangement in Houston Federal Court as Texas Game Warden Bob Cross stands by.

ring. "What about it?" he asked. "You're supposed to be an expert." Stefano pulled out his "loop," the traditional jeweler's eyepiece, and studied the ring for a long five minutes.

"I told him the stone was one carat and 32 points," Stefano reports, "but that it probably wasn't too valuable because it had a tiny fissure and a carbon deposit on it. Boorts just laughed and told me I was right, that he'd been told the same thing by another jeweler."

With his case almost complete, Stefano was confronted a fortnight ago by Constable Franks who accused him of being an FBI agent, and reported rumors that a mass raid was in the making. Stefano stoutly denied everything,

was backed up by Boorts and survived unscathed. Still, there had been a leak, and it is a testament to Stefano's courage that he made one more buy. Unarmed as usual, he met his contact in a deserted field near Liberty, paid for the ducks and walked away. This hunter, when arrested, had a revolver in his pocket and, it developed, had once beaten a man almost to death.

No one, least of all Supervisor Merovka, was naive enough to believe that the arrest of the 53 hunters and accused buyers would permanently solve the market hunting problem in Texas. Sportsmen, however, could concur with Merovka's restrained triumphant post-arrestament comment: "Too many people find this an easy way to make a fast buck. This may help take the dollar signs off geese and ducks. . ."

ENTREPRENEUR

IT STARTED A YEAR ago when Mrs. Joyce Wood, 46-year-old wife of a Salem, Ore. dentist, decided to go fishing and couldn't locate any worms. Fidgeted, she ordered 20 fine breeding worms from California and started to catch her own.

At last count Mrs. Wood's worm herd numbered 18,362 and she is firmly in the business of selling them. "Everything I can find to put them in is full of worms," she remarked recently. "My husband, who doesn't know much about them, pretends they're not around."

Since the worms graze in such places as the family refrigerator, pretending must come hard, but Mrs. Wood intends to stay in business. At the moment she has high hopes of marketing her brood through vending machines. She is also busily trying to produce worms of various colors, has a red model to her credit already.

TABLET TURNED?

ENOTTEST MYSTERY of the current New Jersey trout season is how a bear got into Flat Brook. The 300-pound beast, very black and very dead, was hauled out of the river just below Roy Pool. How did the bear defy Game Warden Harry J. Morrison suggested that it may have been done in by trout. "We have been stocking some big savage fish this spring," he said,

FISHERMAN'S NO-TOSSER SPINNING CALENDAR

water duty or roly; 34—water muddy; B—water at normal height; 344—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; H—rising; P—falling; N—no; T—temperature; 37—fishing good; 38—fishing fair; 39—fishing poor; 40—fishing good; 41—fishing fair; 42—fishing poor

BLACK BASIN (CALIFORNIA): Lower Colorado River now in season peak in opening section top-water and DVC. Shad, Lakeland and up, but debris from tributary floods hampering anglers.

ARIZONA: Two largemouth bass over 10 pounds taken from Mohave last week; best fishing in history of the lake, says app.

IDAHO (Low): Sport-men getting excellent sport, with bass averaging over four pounds in Snake River (lower channel of the Mississippi, now labeled). Large muskies fished on bottom get best results. Lacapine Wapiti of the lake continues to provide fine fishing, with squabblers taking bass in 4 1/2 pounds on bottom and 10 lb.

NORTH CAROLINA: Storking of fresh ponds at Burton, on Cape Hatteras, three years ago with largemouth bass by state Wildlife Resources Commission is paying off with easy limits of bass over four, but best fishing last week was at Flat Lake on Dare County mainland. OG and improving as bass are starting to feed on surface and will take floating fly rod bass and popper plugs.

MINNESOTA: Lake Duluth (upper part) is rising, and although water is about 25 feet low FVG and DVC, best fish are being taken on bank-bait plugs bounced along bottom in 30-foot depth but best water is still as shallow as nearby Lake Superior H, M, PP, OF.

NORTH CAROLINA: Despite dry weather Lake Waccamaw is yielding best catches of B- to 2-pound bass; high winds have most fishermen into shallow muskies, but best fishing is still in the lake.

FLORIDA: Worst drought in 60 years is still plaguing bass fishermen, but FVG/OG where there is still water. Among top spots are Lake Tarpon south of St. Petersburg, Little Lake Harris, at Harvey, Lake Okechobee north of Loxley, the Lake County phosphate pits north of Lakeland, deeper holes of the Kissimmee River south of Lake Wales, Lake Talquin and Harpersville, and near Tallahassee, St. John's River in southwest Florida and Wabash-south River, 40 miles north of Tampa. Most lakes are about five feet below normal level, and unless rains come within next few weeks situation will be truly desperate.

TRAIL: In 1934, First week of "trout trout trout," all 18 inches or over, will be placed in South Branch of the Annapolis River this month, as provided by the will of the late George W. Mason, president of American Trout and Salmon Association. A total of 125,000 trout will be used for annual plantings along the 12 miles of stream on the South Branch which Mason owned, loved and willed to the state. And trout will be placed on the stream the "trout trout trout" may be taken only with fly. State-wide 30 April 25, and more than 125,000 trout were expected in 1934 and it whether is troublesome. Most lower peninsula streams are normal except Black, Pigeon and Saginaw rivers, which are still undergoing late runoff due to deep snow in headwater escarpments. In upper peninsula river of runoff has passed in most streams and almost all areas now are dry except the Saginaw River, but week's top producers were taken. Due to late spring, opening day will see many upper peninsula streams closed with snow, rain, except for cold, conditions were nearly ideal at present, but more this week could trigger flood conditions.

TRAIL: FVG on river middle lake of Salmon River; OG but depends on continued cool nights which are slowing runoff (placetime temperatures have 50-55°).

NEW HAMPSHIRE: 30 May 1 and most streams will be too cold and high for even hot fishing continued as next page



DELIGHTED District Attorney Anthony F. Proulx examines some of 3,000 illegally shot birds brought by an undercover agent.

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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

continued from page 17

despite an estimated \$40,000 trout to be stocked by them.

EFFICIENT FOLLOWS: Warm weather has brought in all Vancouver Island outland lakes at lower altitudes in Campbell River area all lakes trout and including upper Campbell area fishing well to fly and trout, and some is generally top downland. Fly hatch is well started in Cowichan River and starting to show in other streams. Some streams high from melting snow, but PU and OG.

OUTLAND: Use of minnows for both now banned in Port and Shofsky lakes north of Sudbury, generally considered best time for big speckled trout in previous. Both lakes still ice-covered and OF until mid-May. SD April 25 and OF in streams which are ice-free.

MAVIC: Most good trout water still led in, and FVF in open waters.

WINNIPEG: Spring run of rainbow trout pouring in on St. Louis Superior north-shore streams

FISH BOX

Among last week's notable catches! An 85½-pound coho caught by William Kaurer of Chicago fishing out of Blind, Minn., on his first deep-sea trip; a 6-pound 6-ounce brown trout caught by Jack Winograd of Jamestown, N.Y., at Clear Creek near Randolph;

a 17½-pound rainbow trout caught by Ray Clark of Minnetonka, B.C. in Hicks Lake on Vancouver Island; a 4½-pound brown trout caught by Harold Siver of Brentwood, Pa. in the Allegheny River at Rockland, on a worm; a 12½-pound rainbow trout caught by Wilbur Bentley of Minneapolis in the Arrowhead River, Minn., on spinning tackle; a 17½-pound muskellunge caught by Glenn Howard of Boise, Idaho at Swan Falls on the Snake River; a 13-pound 4-ounce muskellunge caught by George de Blais of Tampa, Fla. on 8-pound test line and spinning tackle with live shiner bait near (Idaho's Key); a 80-pound tarpon caught by Robert P. Gutierrez of Bethesda, Md. on 15-thread line, fishing out of Key West; a 5-pound 1½-ounce 6-year-old (Hatchling) brown trout caught by Victor Tink of Tampa, Fla. in Lake Tarpon near Tampa; a 33-pound muskie caught by E. F. Johnson of Nokesville, Va. in Venice Bay on feather lure and 15-pound test line.

gone since April 1, although snow is still three feet deep in woods. From Duluth to Beaver Bay streams are M and B; from Beaver Bay to border stills and C on spring runoff and yet in light water; FG, OG. Brown of trout (18) catches of rainbow to 12½ pounds and averaging 3 reported last week in Koda, Talmadge, Forest, Lower, Hagglund, Devil Track and Arrowhead; most catches were on fluorescent red lure with spinners, salmon eggs with spinners and red- and white wobbling spoons.

was open at present; more than 100,000 eggs reported on streams and the few lakes now open. In western Oregon but not yet opening in total areas of coastal streams for steelhead; hatchlings mostly new local and wild probably good to fair catch. White, Western, Klamath, Alsea and Rogue rivers in dam shape and should produce worthwhile catches. Lake Creek and Upper Snake River

offer good fly-fishing for cutthroat; weighted streamer fish best here. All streams running from Willamette Valley from Cascade Mountains will be high and rocky from snow melt and GVF. In central Oregon, Metolite and Deschutes rivers should offer FVG for fly- and open-intermediate. Above Bend, Deschutes is best fish from boat. Fly rods should take fish on both streams. Rogue Lake best for trout and still fishing with worms or salmon eggs. Most other Oregon streams dashed at present. Lake in national forest don't open till May 25, and limited open waters will be over-crowded.

NEW JERSEY: PF and OG/G for wet-fly and nymph-fishing on Flat Brook and new state-owned stretch of Pequannock River. State's new policy of stocking trout on Paterson and other streams is popular, with large crowds following hatchery trucks; 200 cars counted at Route 206 Bridge on Big Flat Brook awaiting arrival of hatchery truck, and two gentlemen looking and tips in new device in haste to start fishing when truck arrived. Unfortunately both had spare tips.

MARSHWATER: SD last week, and PF with most streams TH, WT SS-48. Berkshire lakes still ice-locked and OF generally for fly-fishing until about May 15.

PROVIDENCE: FVF in most northern and central streams, including famous Spring Creek in Center County; open; blazes cold weather. In north-central section, Yellow Branch remains frozen but, and OG 3 and when weather warms.

NEW YORK: Beaverkill was clear and high at present; WT 44 in morning, falling to 38 as snow water ran off. Fish are feeding heavily on nymphs, and OF/G next week if no heavy rain. OF/F for Eriopis and Schoharie creeks when heavy rain makes them suitable. Adirondack streams are still ice-locked and OF/F.

VERMONT: SD April 22, and out-crowded; it was best open river due to ideal WT 56-60, new plant of 275 tons of local trout, and fair weather. On new lakes, 100,000 trout (mostly public but launching area, and highly tested Beaver Lake was so crowded camp swished in Clear, Big, Sixteen and McMurphy lakes. The few streams open in western Washington are now best-off of snow water but OF/G when they clear.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: Big fish now moving on into Sacramento River and others from lower end of Hanford Dam to 15th Street above Rio Vista is producing top sport. Jimmy Haskins' 40-pounder was highest of week. Wind conditions were bad last week in Frank's Trout, but Star Joseph River is producing big fish all the way from Astoria to San Andres Shook, and OG.

NEW JERSEY: A few 6- and 8-pounders reported caught in small along Long Beach Island. Occasional fish also reported at Island Beach, Ocean State Park, Long Beach and out at Shark River Inlet; but not in Island Beach. All fish reported were on bank, but some should start producing within the next two weeks.

BONAFISH: PANAMA CANAL: Frederick (honorary) has been reported since January first at the Bang-Bang Club last week. At swimmers Keweenaw, where commercial netting has been curtailed, Mr. and Mrs. William Clark of Manchester, N.H. took three brown fish on spinning tackle; heaviest fish weighed 6½ pounds.

FLORIDA: FVG at most Keys lake with many fish in 5- to 8-pound class reported; most catches were on spinning tackle using live shrimp bait. H. L. Pinks of Houston took seven basses in 3 pounds in three days, taking out of Islamorada; OG/FG.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Ice is out of Nashua and main Muskegon rivers but PF/P for black salmon as streams should May 1.

KINGFISH: ALABAMA: Hundreds of kingfish which has arrived at St. Marks and Panama, and more than 50 running to 14 pounds had been caught at present; April 22 several weeks. Best procedure is to find well-forgotten lure and mallet snip until school is located, then rest from bait.

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IKE RETURNS TO THE FAIRWAYS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK WALKER

On the morning of February 17, President Eisenhower, surely one of the ranking enthusiasts in the centuries-old history of golf, returned to play the game he loves for the first time since his September heart attack. Limiting himself to nine holes over the Glen Arden Country Club in Thomasville, Ga., the President (playing in a foursome with Jim Hagerly, the White House Press Secretary, John Walter, Glen Arden pro, and Lloyd Megshaw, the club



president) shot a 47, a very creditable score indeed over the par 36, 3,329-yard stretch for a man who had been away from the game so long. On two subsequent outings at Glen Arden (when the photographs above were taken) the President played 18 holes. He took things easy between shots by riding in an electric golfmobile driven by a Secret Service agent. In other respects, too, Ike took sensible precautions to curb his natural intensity for golf. "You're going to hear

a heck of a lot of laughter today," he told his foursome just before beginning his first round. "My doctor has given me orders that if I don't start laughing instead of cussing when I miss those shots he's going to stop me from playing golf. So every time I miss a shot you're going to hear a haw-haw-haw!" On the evenings after his rounds, friends of the President were of the opinion that his spirits were higher than they had been for months. Golf has its way.



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between them, Europe and the U.S. are producing

OOHS AND AHS FOR ALL

SINCE THE DAY when the first MG went slipping down an American highway to the mingled jibes and cheers of this motor-minded nation, the impact of the European automobile—sports, sports-touring or midsize model—has been a ready topic of debate. To many, including most of the pace-setters of Detroit, it was a flimsy bite which might raise a brief and feverish rash, a momentary disquiet which the spacious comfort and automatic, power-assisted ease of the traditionally big American car would soon dispel. To others, Europe was the arms of style, producer of a vehicle which brought back to motoring a sporty zest long since lost in the ponderousness of "Detroit iron." Only relatively recently have a discerning few observed that the truth, as usual, is poking up its head somewhere between the two extremes, that the postwar hands-across-the-seas development in motordom has worked two ways. Thus, while the vanguard of a sports car parade may count among its achievements the creation of a Ford Thunderbird, a Chevrolet Corvette, a Chrysler 300 B or a Studebaker Golden Hawk, now the big news is that the Europeans have learned something from Detroit. The motor city can take credit for having wrought some significant changes on the production lines across the sea. And if there are those who still would like to question this conclusion, let them visit New York's new Coliseum this weekend to see the International Automobile Show.

There, gathered under one roof for the first time in 16 years, in an area half as big again as a football field, is gleaming proof: the major products of Europe's major manufacturers, as well as the crowd-pleaser of Detroit. There is something for everybody. The racing enthusiast will find competition cars of all makes and sizes. For the sportsman, there are his familiar favorites, plus a few dream cars. There is a sizable assortment of the tiny European "economy cars." But most of all, and most important to the majority of American viewers, is the wide variety of family cars, styled frantically

to American taste yet straining to keep the special sporty appeal which has always been the European trademark.

Notable among them is the new 2.4 Jaguar, described as a "five-passenger sports car" and designed to fit squarely into the gap between the high-spirited XK-140 and the luxurious Mark VII. The 2.4-liter short-stroke engine (six cylinders) is a cut-down version of the XK engine, combining high performance and economy. It offers a top speed of 100 mph, cruising at 85, and boasts a maximum economy of 30 miles to the gallon. The Two-Point-Four retains a good deal of the XK's sporting look, yet is undeniably a four-door sedan. Its price is \$5,795.

A NOVELTY NEWCOMER

A real newcomer to the U.S. is France's Citroën, the sensational DS-19. The DS-19 is as new as a fresh coat of paint, with some features which are years ahead of any other production car. Notable among these is its automatic air-oil suspension, which corrects body lean in cornering as well as under irregular loading, permits varying ground clearance and incorporates a unique jacking system in which both wheels on one side can be retracted clear of the ground with little more effort than the touch of a button. The DS-19's four-cylinder engine has twin Weber carburetors; its clutch action is automatic; and it has power steering and power brakes with separate hydraulic circuits for the front and rear wheels. Top speed of the four-door sedan is 90 mph; price \$3,285.

New, also, is the Renault Dauphine, in line to succeed the small, rear-engined 4CV. A 13-foot-long, four-door sedan, with a four-cylinder, 845-cc engine, it has a top speed of 73 mph, an economical maximum of 40 miles per gallon at an average of 40 mph. The price: \$1,595—and if it catches on as Renault hopes, there will be 50,000 Dauphines running errands in American suburbs by 1958.

Sweden, entering the American car market for the first time, is aiming at

International version of page

Young Miss Maass bet her life



Even at 6:00 A.M., it is warm in Havana. But young Miss Clara Louise Maass felt chilly. Her head ached. Worse, she knew nothing would help.

The illness starts like any other febrile attack. But soon the face is flushed. There is high fever. The pulse becomes feeble, the skin cold and lemon-yellow. Chances of recovery hardly approximate 50%.

In seven pain-wracked days, yellow fever killed Clara Louise. And it was her own doing.

At Las Animas Hospital, Cuba, in 1901, volunteers were needed for the famous U.S. Army yellow fever experiments.

And she, who had fearlessly nursed the worst fever cases, thought undergoing the disease herself would make her a better nurse. "I tried to dissuade her," said the medical director. "But she insisted."

So, in what would soon be America's victorious battle against yellow fever, Clara Louise Maass bravely died as she had lived—for others.

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AUTO SHOW

continued from page 53

two-car families with its brisk little front-wheel-drive SAAB-93. The carefully streamlined two-door sedan is built by the SAAB Aircraft Company, and is equipped with a three-cylinder, two-stroke engine of 748 cc. Its predecessor, SAAB-92, had a two-cylinder engine which the designers converted to a higher output by increasing the number of cylinders to three without increasing the total cubic capacity. The SAAB (it rhymes with job) is just over 18 feet long and just under



COMPETITION HARBOR: ARNOLD-BRISTOL

five feet high, but its interior is spacious enough for four people, and its seats even fold down to make a bed. Price: \$1,795.

The Sunbeam Rapier, newly introduced from Great Britain, is in exactly the same size category as the SAAB, and has a four-cylinder, short-stroke engine of 1,390 cc which will deliver enough power to take the small vehicle over the road at a top speed of 90 mph. Of all the new imports, the Rapier comes closest to being completely American in looks, if not in size. It is a two-door, four-passenger sedan and will sell for \$2,495.

All in all, Britain will be showing 31 models, including two Rolls-Royces and a whole fleet of English Fords. Germany will have 23 cars on display, with a diminutive newcomer among the Porsches and Mercedes: the 556-cc Lloyd, available as a sedan, convertible or station wagon. Italy will be represented by Alfa-Romeo, Ferrari, Maserati and Lancia. Arnold-Bristol, a joint English-Italian-American product, will be on hand with a new hardtop Mark II. Detroit will be there with such newly familiar production-line numbers as the Chrysler 300 B, the Chevrolet Corvette, the Ford Thunderbird and its eye-popping experimental dream cars. Anyone who can't find something to ooh and ah over here, should renounce his machine-age citizenship.

(CXC)

The disqualification in the Wood Memorial and an outsider in the Chesapeake provided surprises in

TWO DERBY TESTS

by WHITNEY TOWER

A VICTORY achieved through the enforcement of racing's disqualification rules almost always tends to appear somewhat hollow, largely because the question all races seek to discover—which is the best horse—is answered inconclusively or not at all.

Such was the case at Jamaica last Saturday when C. V. Whitey's heavily favored Head Man was given the decision in the Wood Memorial even though he finished two and a half lengths behind Golf Ace, the Ecuador gelding who campaigns in the tangerine-and-black colors of the Winding Way Farm. Fouls in racing are by no means uncommon occurrences, and, whether they are intentional or not, their systematic detection through the eyes of the film patrol results in hundreds of reversed decisions every year. What put the foul in the Wood into a category of special importance, however, was that it involved a colt who is most highly regarded as a Kentucky Derby candidate and a rival who has been named for none of the important Triple Crown classics.

Golf Ace, to anyone who has cocked an eye at the results of the winter's racing, is hardly a new name. As a matter of fact, he came into prominence of a sort by virtue of his second-place finish to Needles in the Flamingo at Hialeah last February. A month later he finished fourth in Needles' Florida Derby. Golf Ace, for all his obvious ability to run, has usually been inclined to bear out toward the middle of the track, especially after rounding the stretch turn on the last leg of the trip home. It was this old habit which probably cost him the Wood victory.

Before the race there was a good deal of speculation as to what sort of race would be run. It was common knowledge, for instance, that Head Man, unlike his stablemate Career Boy, was capable of running on the lead or slightly off it—or even way off it. Just as well known was the fact that Nail, a real speed colt with highly questionable stamina, would—if he had his own

way—set the pace and go as far as his legs would carry him. But in the paddock Head Man's owner and his trainer Syl Veitch, after conferring with jockey Eddie Arcaro, suspected strategy of a different sort would be employed in an effort to beat Head Man. The word had gone around, they heard, that everyone would rate back from the start—thus assuring a slow pace and giving every horse a chance to cash in on his stretch-running ability during the last furlong of this mile-and-an-eighth contest. And, sure enough, when the barrier sprang open, there was Hedley Woodhouse on Nail straining to keep his splinter from running away from the pack. Right behind him was Arcaro doing the same to Head Man. But out in front of both of them was Tony DeSpirito astride Golf Ace, who was off and away with nobody to bother him—nobody did.

Golf Ace clicked off three-quarters in 1:12¹/₄, passed the mile mark in 1:27¹/₄, and then, turning for home with the race seemingly well under control, he fell into his old habit. Head Man had already passed Nail, and Arcaro was bringing him up on the outside of the leader. He never got there because Golf Ace bore so far out that Eddie was forced to switch course and try to make up the ground on the inside. He never made it.

People will argue, I suppose, for quite some time over whether or not Head Man would have nailed Golf Ace had both of them come home on a straight line. The belief here is that Golf Ace—on this particular day—would have won, foul or no foul. This doesn't necessarily mean that he is the superior horse, for it must be remembered that Golf Ace had three times this season run this distance whereas Head Man was going over a mile and a sixteenth for the first time in his career. Although it's not particularly advisable for anyone sitting in the stands to criticize Arcaro's riding strategy, it is my impression that from

continued on next page



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DERRY TESTS

continued from page 45

the way Head Man was dying to run as he went around the first turn and up the backstretch, Eddie might have given him the green light sooner than he did. Had he done so he might not have had to lodge the protest against DeSpirito which took the well-earned victory away from Golf Ace.

Be that as it may, Head Man now goes to Louisville to await the Derby, and Araro thought enough of his Saturday to advise Veitch that he'd like the ride on him on Derby Day.

It seems a shame that one must almost give Golf Ace the brushoff for the next few weeks, but the story of this unlucky gelding serves as an interesting illustration of just how rapidly a horse can develop over a short period of time. A year ago Golf Ace won but three of 14 starts, and as late as last November he brought no particular distinction upon himself by finishing third in a \$12,500 claiming race at Jamaica. In his first two starts at Hialeah this winter he was hopelessly outclassed, and when the Triple Crown nominating deadline rolled around on February 15 his three owners—Philip and Randolph Weisner and their brother-in-law Armand Canter (all from Great Neck, N.Y.)—came to the unhappy conclusion that they didn't have much of a horse in their barn. From that day on, almost, Golf Ace has made sterling progress, winning twice and placing twice before his misfortune in the Wood (which nonetheless earned him second money of \$10,000). Standing in the winner's circle Saturday before the stewards' disqualification became official, Randolph Weisner showed some

amazing restraint for a man who is about to grab either a check for \$42,000 or one for a paltry \$10,000. "No, we're not too upset at having failed to nominate for the Derby," he said. "After all, we think Needles is the best horse. We had two good cracks at him and he beat us both times. Our horse is a gelding, which means we're ineligible for the Belmont Stakes, but we might give some thought to making Golf Ace a supplementary nomination to the Preakness. If we'd nominated on the regular February 15 deadline it would have cost us just \$50. If we do it now it will cost \$7,500. For that kind of money you have to be sure of your horse!"

While the Wood constitutes the last major test for Kentucky Derby eligibles in New York each April, the same purpose is usually adequately served by the Chesapeake at Laurel for any contenders quartered in Maryland. Well, there were four Derby eligibles in last Saturday's Chesapeake, and, just to show you what sort of a topsy-turvy 2-year-old season this may turn out to be, the winner was a \$9-1 shot named Frosty Mr. who had been no better than third in any of his eight 1966 starts. As this non-Triple Crown nominee ran off with the money—\$16,825 for covering the mile-and-a-sixteenth in 1:44 2/5—he also just about canceled out all hope that any of the four Derby eligibles would make it to Louisville. Of the quartet, only Born Mighty showed anything as he came from dead last to finish third. This may have been the last week of major Derby tests. It also seems to have resulted in a week where three who like Needles should just keep right on liking him. (KRC)

DERBY ELIGIBLES: HOW THEY'RE DOING

NEW YORK: The Wood Memorial also-runs included *Hip King* (4th); *Nail* (8th, and destined, apparently, to be a sprinter forever); *Jean Baptiste* (7th) and *Beam Rider* (8th). None looked like Derby timber.

CALIFORNIA: No Regrets and Lucky G.L. ran one-two in the California Derby and may have earned a trip to Louisville. Spornay finished way out of the money.

MARYLAND: Despite his third-place finish in the Chesapeake, *Born Mighty* won't go to Kentucky.

FLORIDA: Teross was shipped to Louisville for final Derby training.

but his stablemate *Like Magic* was returned to California.

KENTUCKY: Calumet's *Fobias* made it two straight at Keeneland, winning the 3-furlong Glenview in 1:22 4/5. Louisiana Derby Winner *Reaping Right* was second, Mr. Bob W. fourth and *Primer Lee* fifth. Centerwood won a 7-furlong allowance in 1:24 3/5. *Invincible* was third. *Corner Boy* vanned from Keeneland to work over the Churchill Downs strip but was expected back for this week's Blue Gram. Needles is training well but was "mad" at the recent cold spell.



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'ALL RIGHT, LOUIE, DROP THE JIB'

by JAMES MURRAY

This ghostly croak chilled many a movie villain,
but on the high seas it's only Bogart the sailor

TWICE SEAMED and weathered face of Humphrey Bogart, shower left at the wheel of his 55-foot yawl *Sandwich*, is known to the movie-going public as perhaps the meanest ever to leer down the barrel of a loaded automatic. To Mrs. Bogart (the actress Lauren Bacall), it is known affectionately as the face that "looks as if it had run aground." Around the slips and moorings of the sun-washed marinas of California, however, it is the well-respected face of a dedicated skipper who would rather sink to the bottom than be called a party-boy yachtsman.

"Listen," snarled Bogie, casting a cold eye on the SI reporter, "I don't want those people to think, here's another one of those Hollywood sailors. And I don't want to be made to appear a horse's neck to the sailing group I belong to. I don't use a boat to drink on or to chase dames on. I use it to get away from things. Hemingway said that the sea was the last free place in the world, and I respect it and love it. I've been sailing since I was 5 years old, and I don't want to be made into a clown."

He took a sip of the Jack Daniels highball he held in his hand and looked disgusted. Across the room of his Holmby Hills mansion, his pretty wife sighed and rolled her eyes to the skylighted ceiling. "Bogie takes his sailing very seriously," she said soothingly. "You'll have to be patient."

Bogart took another sip of his drink and quieted down for the moment. In Hollywood there's an old saying about Bogart attributed to Restaurateur Dave Chasen: "After 11 o'clock at night, he thinks he's Bogart." It was only 11 o'clock in the morning, but a nasty spring rain was blowing against the windows, the whisky had too much water in it (Bogart is recuperating from an esophagus operation), the conversation was proving an ordeal and Bogart was ahead of schedule.

Actually, his wife explained, the off-screen Bogart has a duality of citizenship. In Los Angeles harbor and the seas to the west and south he's Captain Bogart of the *Neptune*, an ocean racer which has won him many a yachting trophy despite being eight feet too short in the mainmast, the fault (as Bogart explains) of "some stupid idiot" who changed it from a schooner to a yawl before Bogart bought it.

On shore Captain Bogart becomes Citizen Bogart, the Vice-President in Charge of Public Relations for a civic organization known as The Holmby Hills Rat Pack. In practice, Bogart frequently mixes the role but never the cast. His boat crew includes no Hollywoodites and, thus, as Bogart explains, no Rats. And the Rat Pack (which includes Restaurateur Mike Romanoff, Singer Frank Sinatra, Wife Lauren Bacall, Actress Judy Garland) has only one Rat who doubles as a sailor—Bogart.

"I have an eight-man crew and no Hollywood among 'em," boasts the sailor Bogart. "One of the gang is in the ad business. One is a purchasing agent. 'Course, the actor Jeff Richards is pretty good crew. And I take out Dewey Martin now and then. No, Dewey is not in the Rat

continued on next page

LAUREN BACALL, NO SAILOR, CALLS DRINKING "AN ACQUIRED TASTE"



EYE ON THE WEATHER and hand on the wheel of his ocean-going yawl *Sandwich*, Humphrey Bogart looks every inch the sailor.

continued from page 28

Pack. He hasn't the instincts of a Rat.

"I can never explain to these Hollywood clerics with the slicers what it is that I find so peaceful on the boat. I'm constantly being asked these questions about the boat by non-sailors, of which this town is full of: One, how many does it sleep? The answer I always give is, 'as few as possible.' Two, do you fish off it? No, because you get blood on the teakwood and you never get it off. And, three, what do you do on board? That's a complicated answer. I say, well, you sail to wherever you're going and you get tied up at anchor. In the morning you get up and wash down the boat—right away you can see their interest dwindling. Then you have breakfast and sit around in the sun. You keep gazing out at the horizon. Pretty soon you see a sail out in the distance. Somebody says, 'It's so-and-so, giving the name of the boat. Somebody else says, no, it's so-and-so. By then it's time for cocktails before lunch. Then you lunch and you take a nap. By that time the boat you saw is in and it turns out to be none of those your eagle eyes said it was and this is good for a lot of conversation and reasons why they thought it was who it wasn't. Then it's time for cocktails. Then there's the day when there are no sails on the horizon—and somebody is sure to say, 'I wonder why there are no sails on the horizon. Maybe it's foggy off the mainland.' And this is good for a lot of conversation and pretty soon it's time for cocktails before lunch just the same."

Captain Bogart settled, satisfied, back in his chair.

"I think sailing is an acquired taste," his wife said coolly. "I'm a creature of the soil." (Bogart swore loudly.) "I love old terra firma. I think the Queen Elizabeth is just the right-size boat."

"A good wife"—married Bogart in the voice he uses to say, "Drop the gun, Louis."—"A good wife sails where her husband sails."

"I know," shot back his good wife, "and I throw up. I tried. God knows I tried. I don't think even Humphrey (she gave the pronunciation a contemptuous inflection) can deny that. I tried to love it, but I just don't. There are no right ways about it. I get positively green and then Bogie leers at me and says, 'How would you like a nice warm cup of fish?'"

Bogie let it pass. "The trouble with sailing out here," he went on, "is that you have no places to go. On the Sound

back East, you have all those places. Out here, you're out in the ocean immediately. You can sail to Catalina. You can sail to Catalina and back. You can go to the islands off the coast. That's it. Also, you don't really have different kinds of weather. In the summer we get a westerly that comes up at the same time and the same place every day—almost like a trade wind. In the winter it storms and blows some—but by and large you get a better class of sailors in the East. There's nothing wrong with 'em out here. On

know, showing the royal family of the emars at Sevastopol or on the Black Sea. But it's correct stuff and Mike has the rubber-soled shoes, the nautical cravat and a stickpin in it. He also has a basket of champagne and food from his restaurant. You have the feeling Anastasia will be along soon.

"Sinatra? Frankie's definitely not a sailor. Frankie's got to have lots of action—plenty of room to move around in. The minute you'd drop anchor, Frankie would start to pace around the boat like a caged animal.



BOGIE'S BOAT, shown above with mizzen furled, is 55-foot Marconi-rigged yawl *Seneca*. A serious ocean racer, Bogart has one firm rule: no Hollywood types allowed on board.

the International 14s and the Shipes and Stars, we got some good boys. The Star class is probably the best racing machine there is for a test of man against man. But we don't have the classes they have back East.

"Actually, I took up sailing when I found out I was beginning to throw clubs on the golf course. I used to play to a six-handicap in golf. I've been taking it up a little again. I think I could get down to an 11-handicap."

Is the Rat Pack specifically barred from the SoSens, Bogart was asked.

"Not at all," sneered Bogart. "It just isn't any place for a Rat. I take Mike (Romanoff) occasionally. He always shows up in costume. Mike has a costume for everything. But he's always correct. He shows up absolutely what you call 'yar.' He has a yachting costume which looks like it was out of those old historical archives—you

"I figure you can stay around the barn five days a week and drink and hell around, why fuss up a nice day on the sea? The minute I get on a boat I can feel this [tapping the nape of the neck] loosen up. My boat never has a woman aboard, which means we have a pretty good poker game and pretty good talk. You know, about politics and other things besides pictures. This way we can talk pretty good patois. You know, sailors have patois like doctors—certain lingo, certain names for things."

Doesn't his wife mind his being away each nonworking weekend?

"I had it out with her," snarled Bogart. "I told her, 'Any time you want to come aboard there's a berth for you, and your clothes are on board.' But she gets sick and squeamish and she has children and the house to run."

"Wait a minute," protested his wife.



YESTERDAY

'OUR BOYS DID NOBLY'

WHEN the Cincinnati Red Stockings rolled into Brooklyn in the spring of 1870 to face the Atlantics, a top eastern nine, there were few fans who thought the home team had a chance. The year before the Red Stockings had gone undefeated in 65 games on a 12,000-mile coast-to-coast tour and had continued the string by winning 27 straight victories this season. True, the Haymakers of Troy had tied them but only by walking off the field to save their bets when the score stood 15-17 at the end of the fifth. Unjustly, the game went into the books as a tie. The record, then, on June 14, 1870 as the Red Stockings invaded Brooklyn was: 92 games played; 91 won; one tie. (It still stands as the longest undefeated string in baseball history.)

George Ellard, owner of a Cincinnati sporting-goods store, organized the remarkable Cincinnati nine with the help of Harry Wright, a professional cricket bowler who had switched to baseball. The game was then supposedly amateur although most crack teams carried hired players and paid them off under the table. The Cincinnati baseball club decided to go the whole hog, turn openly pro and publicize salaries. They raided several eastern clubs and brought a collection of stars to Cincinnati. Among them was George Wright, Harry's 22-year-old brother, lured from the New York Union, who was the best shortstop in the land. George topped the salary list with \$1,400 (\$399 more than Captain Harry got) and earned it by batting

.648. Pitcher Ann Brainard, who threw a fast, twirling ball, drew \$1,100. Behind the plate was Doug Allison (\$600), who stood directly over the bat and without glove or mask held Ann's hottest deliveries from a distance of 45 feet. Big Charlie Gould, the only Cincinnati boy, played first and gathered in throws with such ease that he was called the "basket basket."

It was a brilliant nine, and no less brilliant were the uniforms designed by Ellard and made to order by Mrs. Bertha Bertram, a Cincinnati seamstress. The revolutionary knee-length pants and bright red stockings were ridiculed at first. "Say, Harry, you've got whiskers like a man and pants like a boy," fans yelled at the captain.

But there was nothing ridiculous



Baseball's first professional team toured the country in 1869 and won 64 games, tied one. Next season they won 27 straight, but then they came to Brooklyn and challenged the Athletics, pride of the East

about the way the team played. At the Capitoline Grounds in Brooklyn, the Athletics' home field, it looked like the same old story again as the Reds led 5-0 at the end of the third, and the betting odds soared from 5-to-1 to 10-to-1 on the Westerners. But the Athletics, playing tight ball, refused to go to pieces. They scored twice in the fourth and got two more runs in the sixth to lead 4-3. Then the Reds bounced back with a pair of runs to take the lead once more. But the Athletics put a run across in the eighth, and now the score was tied at 5-all.

The well-played, seesaw contest had the crowd of 20,000 continually on edge. The picture above, drawn by a *Harper's Weekly* artist, shows the Athletics on the field, attired in long

trousers, the standard cricket uniform. Note how close to the bags the first and third basemen played, ready to dart either way because of the fair-foul rule. (A grounder hit fair which rolled foul before reaching the bags was fair and playable at that time.)

At the end of the ninth, with the game still deadlocked, the Athletics started off the field in the belief that a game constituted nine innings and was, therefore, over. Harry Wright, shaking in from center field, insisted that the game go on and was backed by Henry Chadwick, the official scorer. After a long rhuarh, play was resumed. There was no score in the 10th but in the 11th, when the Red Stockings put two across to lead 7-5, the end seemed in sight for the Athletics.

But the unheard of happened when they came to bat. Ann Brainard suddenly lost his stuff and the Athletics teed off on him. Right Fielder Cal McVey, stooping to retrieve a ball, was knocked flat by a Brooklyn fan who jumped on his back. Then Second Baseman Sweeney made a costly error and followed it with a bad throw. Before the air cleared the Athletics had scored three runs and won the game 8-7.

The defeat was a bitter one for Cincinnati but they took it in good spirit. After the game Aaron Champion, president of the Red Stockings, sent this wire to Cincinnati: "Athletics 8; Cincinnati 7. The first game ever played. Our boys did nobly, but fortune was against us. . . . Though beaten, not disgraced." (K&R)

COMING EVENTS

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES E.D.T. EXCEPT WHERE NOTED
April 27 through May 6

FRIDAY, APRIL 27

Baseball

- Detroit vs. Cleveland, Detroit, 1:55 p.m. E.S.T. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Isaac Leggett vs. Joe Meiri, welterweights, Syracuse River Memorial, Syracuse, N.Y. (18 rds.), 10 p.m. E.S.T. (RSC)

Gymnastics

- A&S Championships and Olympic team trials, men and women, University Park, Pa. (also April 28)

Horse & Field

- Drake Relays, Des Moines, Iowa (also April 28); Penn Relays, Philadelphia (also April 28)

SATURDAY, APRIL 28

Auto Racing

- Mile Riga, Brescia, Italy (also April 29)

Auto Show

- International Show, Caliseum, New York City (through May 6)

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, 1:55 p.m. E.S.T. (C.B.S.)*
- New York vs. Philadelphia, New York, 1:55 p.m. E.S.T. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Tony DeMarco vs. Arthur Persley, welterweights, Boston (10 rds.)
- Marvin Rodriguez vs. Gene Messeri, featherweights, Havana (12 rds.)
- Jose Caruso vs. Kenny Davis, featherweights, Hollywood, Calif. (10 rds.)

Dog Show

- Wilmington Kennel Club Show, Wilmington, Del.

Golf

- North and South Invitational, Pinehurst, N.C. (last day)

Horse Racing

- Oaks Prep, \$10,000, \$1, 3-yr.-old fillies, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.
- The Sweet, \$20,000, \$1, 3-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y.
- Colonial Handicap, \$25,000, \$1, 3-yr.-olds and up, Garden State, Camden, N.J.

Horse Show

- Haverford Riding Club Quarter Horse Show, Haverford, Texas

Hunt Racing

- Maryland Hunt Cup Assn., Glyndon, Md.
- Oak Grove Race and Steeplechase Meeting, Germantown, Tenn.

Lawrence

- Maryland vs. Navy, College Park, Md.
- Army vs. Johns Hopkins, West Point, N.Y.

Swimming

- AAU jr. men's 3-meter and jr. women's 1-meter diving championships, New Orleans
- AAU Boys and Girls, So. Pacific Age Group Championships, Lynwood, Calif. (also April 29)

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Quebec City, Que.

Track & Field

- Colorado Relays, Boulder, Col.

Weightlifting

- Final Olympic team trials, Los Angeles (through May 5)

SUNDAY, APRIL 29

Auto Racing

- NASCAR 150-lap Convertible Championship Circuit race, Greensboro, N.C.
- NASCAR 150-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, Richmond, Va.

Baseball

- Chicago vs. Kansas City, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.B.T. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- James Packer vs. Heinz Neuhues, heavyweight, Darmstadt, Germany (10 rds.)

Dog Show

- Rhode Island Kennel Club Show, Cranston, R.I.

Golf

- Seniors Invitational, Southern Pines, N.C. (last day)
- Tournament of Champions, \$37,000, Las Vegas, Nevada (last day)
- LPGA Peach Blossom-Betty Rawls Invitational Open, \$5,000, Spartanburg, S.C. (last day)

Tennis

- Ojai Valley Tournaments, Ojai, Calif. (last day)

MONDAY, APRIL 30

Baseball

- Jacksonville (Fla.) vs. Charlotte (N.C.), Charlotte, Sally League, 2:55 p.m. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Orlando (Florida) vs. Johnny Russo, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)
- Archie Moore vs. Gene Thompson, heavyweight, Tucson, Ariz. (10 rds.)
- Jimmy Calcutt vs. Tony Lago, featherweights, Peterburg, Va. (10 rds.)

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Cornwall, Ont.

Weightlifting

- Olympic Team Trials, Los Angeles (through May 6)

TUESDAY, MAY 1

Baseball

- Chicago Cubs vs. N.Y. Giants, Chicago, 1:25 C.B.T. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Shoji Kameki vs. Julian Velazquez, featherweights, Honolulu (10 rds.)

Horse Racing

- Derby Trial, \$10,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Ottawa, Ont.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2

Baseball

- New York vs. Detroit, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Wallace (Bert) Smith vs. Joe Brown, lightweight, Pinckney Caliseum (10 rds., noRSC), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Golf

- Royal and Ancient Spring meeting, St. Andrews, Scotland

Horse Racing

- The Yearling, \$15,000, 5 f., 2-yr.-old colts and geldings, Jamaica, N.Y.

Lawrence

- Rutgers vs. Princeton, New Brunswick, N.J.

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Pembroke, Ont.

Volleyball

- USAT World Wide championships, Hamilton AFB, Calif. (through May 5)

THURSDAY, MAY 3

Auto Racing

- NASCAR short track, 200 laps, Atlanta, Ga.

Baseball

- New York vs. Kansas City, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Jimmy Carter vs. Art Aragon, welterweights, Los Angeles (10 rds.)

Golf

- Colonial Invitational, \$25,000, Ft. Worth, Texas (through May 6)
- LPGA Carrollton Open, \$5,000, Carrollton, Ga. (through May 6)

Horse Racing

- Churchill Downs Handicap, \$10,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds and up, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.

Auto Show

- Great Lakes Autorsum, Cleveland (through May 6)

Baseball

- Chicago vs. Philadelphia, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.B.T. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- The Charcoal vs. Sherif Hamid, featherweights, Washington, D.C. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (RSC)

Horse Racing

- Kentucky Oaks, \$25,000, 1 1/8 miles, 3-yr.-old fillies, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.

Track & Field

- Spiked Shoe Relays, Lexington, Ky.

FRIDAY, MAY 4

Auto Racing

- NASCAR 160-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, Concord, N.C.
- NASCAR 150-lap Convertible Championship Circuit race, Mansfield, Va.

Baseball

- Boston vs. Detroit, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (CBS-TV)*
- Mutel*

Dog Show

- Bucks County Kennel Club, Doylestown, Pa.

Horse Racing

- Kentucky Derby, \$125,000, 1 1/8 miles, 3-year-olds and up, Kentucky, N.Y.
- oaks, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky., 5:15 p.m. (CBS)
- Gray Lag Handicap, \$50,000, 7 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Camden, N.J.
- Delaware Valley Stakes, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Garden State, Camden, N.J.

Hunt Racing

- Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, Va.

Lawrence

- Army vs. Notre Dame, West Point, N.Y.
- Duke vs. Navy, Durham, N.C.
- Maryland vs. Syracuse, College Park, Md.
- Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton, N.J.

Boxing

- Adams Cup Regatta, Annapolis, Md.
- Genting Cup Regatta, New Haven, Conn.
- Schreyer Championships, Philadelphia

Sailing

- Seattle Opening Day regatta, Seattle, Wash.

Swimming

- AAU jr. women's 400-yd., freestyle relay, Forest City, Fla. (through May 7)

Weightlifting

- AAU jr. weightlifting and physique contest, Cleveland (also May 5)

SATURDAY, MAY 5

Auto Racing

- NASCAR 300-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, Concord, N.C.
- NASCAR 300-mile Convertible Championship Circuit race, Old Bridge, N.J.

Baseball

- New York Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutel*)

*See local listing

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2-drawings by Robert Ryan, Richard Aronson 4-miles, 1970, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 275

PLEASE TELL ME . . .

Sir:

Will you tell a bewildered subscriber—and there must be scores of your readers similarly puzzled—why no mention is ever made of a bout between Floyd Patterson and Archie Moore, or a match between Patterson and Harrison Jackson? Archie can get down to 175 for a light-heavyweight championship match and Floyd can take off less than ten pounds. Let Patterson win the light-heavyweight championship first before taking on the Rock. If Patterson's present weight is his trained poundage and there is not much left to take off, what is wrong with an overweight match with Moore?

If enough valid reasons for not fighting Moore under any circumstances can be advanced, then a Patterson-Jackson fight is in order. I admit Patterson is good, but he has yet to prove himself good enough for a heavyweight championship fight with Marland. And most assuredly no man that chewing nature boy, Harrison Jackson. One of these should eliminate the other.

I do not think the boxing writers on our Los Angeles papers have any superior anywhere, and our radio announcements are tops in the country. Yet none of them have ever suggested, to my knowledge, elimination fights between Patterson, Moore and Jackson.

What's all the conspiracy of silence for? Haven't SI something to say?

FRANK W. SIMONE

Torrance, Calif.

Sirs:

LAST PARAGRAPH "THE CASE AGAINST THE IBC" (SI, April 23) ANSWERS MY LETTER. VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU FOUNDER JAFFERSON-PATTERSON-MOORE ELIMINATION FIGHTS FOR HEAVYWEIGHT CHALLENGER TO MARLAND. KEEP FIGHTING.

FRANK W. SIMONE

Torrance, Calif.

THIS IS BEYOND ME

Sir:

The Olympic basketball team that will represent the United States at Melbourne this winter is not made up of the 12 best men at the tryouts held in Kansas City two weeks ago. Missing is the second best

basketball player in the nation, UCLA's Willie Naulls.

How Carl Cain of Iowa could be selected over Naulls is beyond me. Naulls outscored him 42-14 and outrebounced him at a six-to-one ratio. Cain didn't score one point in the final game in which the College All-Stars lost to the Phillips Oilers.

I don't know if there is any connection in the fact that Cain's coach, Backy O'Connor of Iowa, was one of the men on the board that made the final selections.

JERRY MEASER

Los Angeles

● We don't know of any nefarious connection, but we'll take Naulls any day.—ED.

NAME DROPPER

Sir:

The selection of Olympic squad members with Willie Naulls left out has been named the Great Daylight Robbery.

LARRY DOUGHERTY

Charter Oak, Calif.

YOU MISSED THE BOAT

Sir:

I, as well as millions of other sports fans throughout the country, have come to accept SI as the "sports bible," the true publication of American and world sports.

However, all my admiration and respect for your magazine was shattered last week when I found that the complete extent of your coverage of the World Series of basketball consisted of one small photograph of Paul Arizin and about 30 words to go with it (SCOREBOARD, April 16). Is this the reward coming to the Philadelphia Warriors after winning one of the most fiercely contested playoffs in the history of the league? Even though I am a Philadelphian and a Warriors fan, I certainly believe that the NBA championship interests sports enthusiasts all over the country. SI completely missed the boat last week.

NIRAL H. CAPELMAN

Elkins Park, Pa.

● Miss we did. For the latest installment in the Philadelphia story, see page 15.—ED.

COURTESY

Sir:

I thought you might be interested in knowing that SI just turned me into an avid fan of our national sport.

I was annoyed with letters against baseball (19TH HOLE, April 23). I wouldn't have been a week ago, though.

When my father gave me your special baseball issue, I held it aside with a groan. I kept noticing your magazine, so I reluctantly looked through it.

Now I'm really intrigued by baseball and thanks for getting me interested.

MARY ANN SCHAFFER

Bethlehem, Pa.

TAKE A STAND

Sir:

I would like to ask SI a question.

Which was the greatest major league baseball team of all time?

JOHNNY HINCH

Clinton, Okla.

● For a starter see page 42, but we would like to hear other nominations.—ED.

MUSICAL CHAIRS

Sir:

Can a pitcher leave the mound and play another part of the field for just one batter and then go back to pitching? For example, the pitcher moves to shortstop and the shortstop pitches to see or ease batters and then both return to their previous positions.

If he can do that, how many times during the game can he do it?

M. D. GUSTINA JR.

Syosset, N.Y.

● Such changes can be made any number of times as long as the players involved do not leave the game.—ED.

KEEP OUT

Sir:

After studying the diagrams of the various baseball parks which you featured in your baseball issue (April 31) I would like to know if anyone has ever hit a ball into

continued on next page

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



POWER MOWER SHOW!



Toro dealers take the sting off some startling new inventions.

The sensational Toro "Power Blade" mowers, with electric starters, all new "Whisper" design. Your dealer's name is in the phone book classified section, or watch for local newspaper ads. Toro Manufacturing Corporation, Minneapolis 6, Minnesota.



LEXOL

America's Ace Leather Conditioner for all sports and camera equipment. Penetrates completely. Leaves no oily residue.

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AFRICAN SAFARIS

Harry Selby, Andrew Holmberg, Frank Bowman, Reggie Destro and Mike Howarth usually have safari reservations ahead for several years.

Because they have formed a new independent safari company with the name Selby & Holmberg Safaris, Ltd., bookings for hunting and photographic safaris are now available for next year beginning with January 1, 1957. For details write to: SELBY & HOLMBERG SAFARIS, Ltd.

Box 203 • Nairobi

Kenya Colony • British East Africa

19th HOLE

continued from page 65

the center-field bleachers of Cleveland Municipal Stadium or clear out of the park.

MAVIE DEWARY

Enterprise, Ala.

• Never.—ED.

HORSES AND JOURNALISTS

Sir:

Like most sport enthusiasts I am particularly interested in one field of sports. For me, it is riding. I have been associated with horses, horse owners, exhibitors, trainers and the whole horse set-up all my life, and I feel that I know enough about it to be able to judge fairly the authority of articles concerning it.

Until I entered the field, those of us interested in horses were the victims of two kinds of journalism: first, publications intended for the general public, such as newspapers and national magazines. Usually in these publications horse articles are written as "features" by reporters who know nothing about what they are writing but are assigned the job. They make many mistakes, innocently and knowingly who know horses know that the writer did not. Second, publications intended especially for horse owners, breeders or any participants of the riding sport. These magazines usually have writers who know their subjects but are hampered by the restriction of having to say only nice things, because they are completely dependent upon these people for circulation and advertising. I don't want to imply that it is necessary to make offensive statements, but sometimes honest and complete reporting demands that someone have his feathers ruffled.

This is why we are particularly pleased to see *SI* start out to do the job it can do. You have writers that are experts and you have no axes to grind or personalities to fear offending in order to give the reader an honest picture. You have the opportunity to do a lot of good for the sport of riding. Like most sports it would benefit by correction and enlightenment in many areas.

I and all my friends feel that Miss Higgins and Mr. Trowe are very well qualified.

We hope that *SI* will give them all the support they may need and stand behind them, even when they stick their necks out.

(This is the first letter I have written to any editor of any publication so you may guess how strongly I feel on the subject.)

ASKEE LA-MORRIS

St. Louis

BEYOND THE ST-BET

Sir:

The article *Spring in Kentucky* (*SI*, April 16) and the beautiful photographs in color that accompanied it were superb. This feature, together with Gerald Holland's *CONSERVATION FURTHER* with Phil China, was not only interesting but offers eloquent proof that Thoroughbred racing is far more than merely a \$2 bet.

J. SAMUEL PERLMAN
Editor and Publisher
The Morning Telegraph
and *Daily Racing Form*

New York

THE TRUTH MUST OUT

Sir:

I cannot restrain myself from congratulating you on your stand in defense of the AAU in "The Poor Old AAU" article (*SI*, March 31). To rationalize a situation like this with such weak arguments as have been offered by Shirley Dashi and Senator Carlson (both of whom should be ashamed of themselves) is to mislead the issue completely because they have argued that two wrongs make a right.

Wes Savitts should have been penalized long ago and it is too bad that it wasn't done before people had a chance to play on the perhaps emotional fact that he is now a lieutenant in the Marine Corps.

This may tie in with the unfortunate situation at the University of Washington, of which I am a proud alumnus. I was amazed that the situation there had deteriorated to such an extent that "assault" football players had the gall to criticize Johnny Cheevers for being too tough on them. That is a penalty which they must expect to pay if they are to accept money from any outside source.

I wish the best of luck to both the AAU and the University of Washington's new staff. I have raised emotions on the Wash-



"Shall we call the geobooksup?"

ington affair because I knew Turkey Ter-
race, Harvey Cassel and some of the other
principals and I like and admire them a lot.
I'm sorry things ended in this messy way,
but the truth must come out sometime.

HICHERT T. CONDON JR.
Lieut. Colonel, Infantry

Besse, Italy

THE GREEKS HAD WORDS FOR IT

Sir:

The excellent article "Lessons on a Greco-
Asian Upr" (E & D, April 2) handled the
subject [of amateur athletics] as well that
I have taken the liberty to have a number
of copies made, and I would like to have
the privilege of reprinting it in our Olympic
Bulletin, giving due credit, of course, to SI.

With my compliments on the high stand-
ards of your publication.

AVERTZ BOURGAS
President

Comité International Olympique
Chicago

● Permission granted.—ED.

IF BRITAIN RULED THE EMPIRE

Sir:

If Colonel Bleep really existed, he would
no doubt, in your words, find "attitudes in
the colonies beyond any gentleman's
power of description" and might be in-
spired to write of the mistreatment by Eng-
lish officers of Unhappy Begs of Pakistan
(E & D, March 26) in this vein:

*The incident makes crystal clear
What long has been a rumour:
The Pakistanis do not shirk
The British sense of honour.
Why should a little ragging, sir,
Produce a blow of contempt?
Equal, such things could not occur
If we still ruled the Empire.*

*The news we raised our friendly poke
And yielded our armoured
For chaps who cannot take a joke
Aren't fit for independence.*

Actually the President of the Maryle-
bone Club, Lord Alexander, telephoned im-
mediate apologies to Pakistan.

H.L.R.C.

Cherry Chase, Md.

HE NEVER LET YOU DOWN

Sir:

In his article on the Basilio-Saxton affair
(SI, March 26), Martin Kane's reference
to Harry Balogh, the famous referee, gave
me a nostalgic chuckle. Mr. Balogh intro-
duced the comparative degree into prize-
fight fights. His wonderful monotonous in-
terventions of "may the best man win"
were alone worth the price of admission. I
bet he had fun making them up. One time,
I remember, he went so far as to use a nega-
tive. The introduction ran about like this:

"In this corner, wearing purple trunks,
and weighing 145 pounds, the courageous,
colorful, clean-living contender, and a credit
to his race, . . . And in this corner, wear-
ing black trunks, and weighing 145 and
a [brood A] half, the popular, promising
pugilist, and pride of Perth Amboy, . . .
Both boys will come out fighting, will break
clean at the command of the referee, and
may the less able adversary NOT emerge
victorious."

After two hours had bled their way

through 12 stupid rounds it was difficult to
tell which one was the less able. The fights
may have been lousy but Harry Balogh
never let you down.

ROBERT W. WOOD JR.
Princeton, N.J.

NOT ME

Sir:

I am sick and tired of reading about the
Basilio-Basilio fight and how Basilio "won"
the fight. I have followed boxing for many
years and am an avid television fight fan.
Basilio clearly won the fight. Basilio fought
a very smart fight. He had, I believe, a
reach advantage of four or five inches. With
that advantage, why should Basilio try in-
flicting when Basilio is known as a "swarmer"
and fights best at close quarters?

An intelligent person cannot help but
note in Mr. Kane's article the statement
"He [Basilio] had been first in the ring to
Belle appraise. There had been tremendous
cheers for Basilio." Now in view of the ob-
vious partisan crowd it is surprising that
when a close decision went against their
boy they should see that decision? And
are we now going to have apertures cast
on the judges and the referee every time
some barrel-mouth reporter loses a two-bit
bet on a fight? It is very popular right now
to attack boxing, boxing promoters and the
boxers themselves, and it is interesting to
note how many of these "small men" of
the press enjoy tearing apart the profession
that gives them their living.

Keep in mind that intelligent people
watch the fights and read SPORTS ILLUS-
TRATED. We don't need you to tell us what
we saw. There are a lot of "me too's" who
read SI also, and when a popular movement
comes along like "Basilio was robbed"
they all chorus "me too."

DR. D. E. MILLER
San Diego, Calif.

● SI's eye-witness report appeared March
22, eight days after the fight. Before the
account was published SI heard from over
150 readers from every part of the country to which the fight
was televised, protesting the decision.
Indeed, to date, five weeks after the
Basilio-Saxton fight only four readers
have written in upholding the decision,
and one of these four came from the
chairman of the Illinois State Athletic
Commission. For latest Chicago "vol-
lery" see page 35.—ED.

THAT VILE CREW

Sir:

An excerpt from the novel *Rodney Stone*
by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (first published
in 1891) describes boxing as it was practiced
around 1850 in England. It seems to sug-
gest that the "dirty business" in boxing
which you so ably are fighting today seems
to have been always part of the game. Here
is the quotation:

"I say again that, if the Ring has fallen
low, it is not in the main the fault of the
men who have done the fighting, but it lies
at the door of the vile crew of ring-side
parasites and ruffians, who are as far below
the honest pugilist as the vulgarian and the
blackie are below the noble chessman
which serves them as a pretext for their
villains."

HAROLD V. SHAW
Leaside, Ontario

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JUVENILE HOT SHOTS

Not all crack rifle shots come from Davy Crockett country, nor are they all males. Here are some of the young experts (with .22s) of the sub-junior team of the Middlefield (Conn.) Rifle Club: Sharon Winter, 9, Alexis Kalinowski, 9, Linda Chadsey, 9, Jayce Miller, 9, Allen Jonas, 8.



JUVENILE CHESS MASTER

And not all chess experts have bald heads and horn-rimmed glasses. A 13-year-old Brooklyn boy, Bobby Fischer (port to camera), played exhibition against 21 opponents, lost only one match. Bobby then tied for first place in the Manhattan Chess Club's "A" reserve tournament.

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The high velocity dollar (cont.)

43.6% of SI subscribers belong to a country club or other sports club.

And... they buy the good things of life...

- 34% own movie cameras
- 63% own golf clubs
- 53% own rifles or shotguns
- 38% own spinning reels
- 60% own other fishing equipment
- 30% own model trains
- 19% own outboards
- 54% own field glasses.

In sports and leisure clothing:

On the men's side --

- 40% have Bermuda shorts
- 77% have loafers
- 39% have hunting jackets (not quite as many as the
40% who have dinner jackets)

And among the ladies:

- 61% have cashmere sweaters
- 40% have Bermuda shorts

And our gals are active, for --

- 86% have ladies' golf shoes
- 14% have ladies' riding boots.

(for the high velocity dollar around the house, please turn flap)

The high velocity dollar

In products for the home:

The home itself is a fine one (median value \$19,800), and a new one (57.4% have moved to new homes in the last five years). And...

25.3% of the homes have four or more bedrooms; 67.5% have three or more.

15% have three or more bathrooms; 47% have two or more.

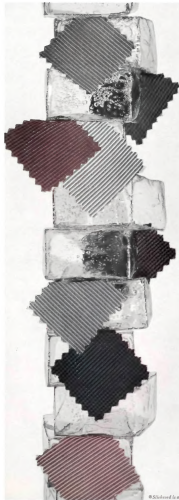
12% have three or more telephones; 48% have two or more.

And in home equipment, here's how SI homes compare with all wired homes in the U.S.:

	% SI homes	% All U.S. Wired Homes*
Air conditioning	26.6	5.6
Automatic Dishwasher	24.7	4.0
Electric Blanket	36.1	11.6
Electric Broiler	39.9	12.0
Freezer	30.4	18.8
Automatic Dryer	33.9	9.2
Electric Coffee Maker	68.6	32.2
TV	90.8	76.1

*Electrical Merchandising

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